



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

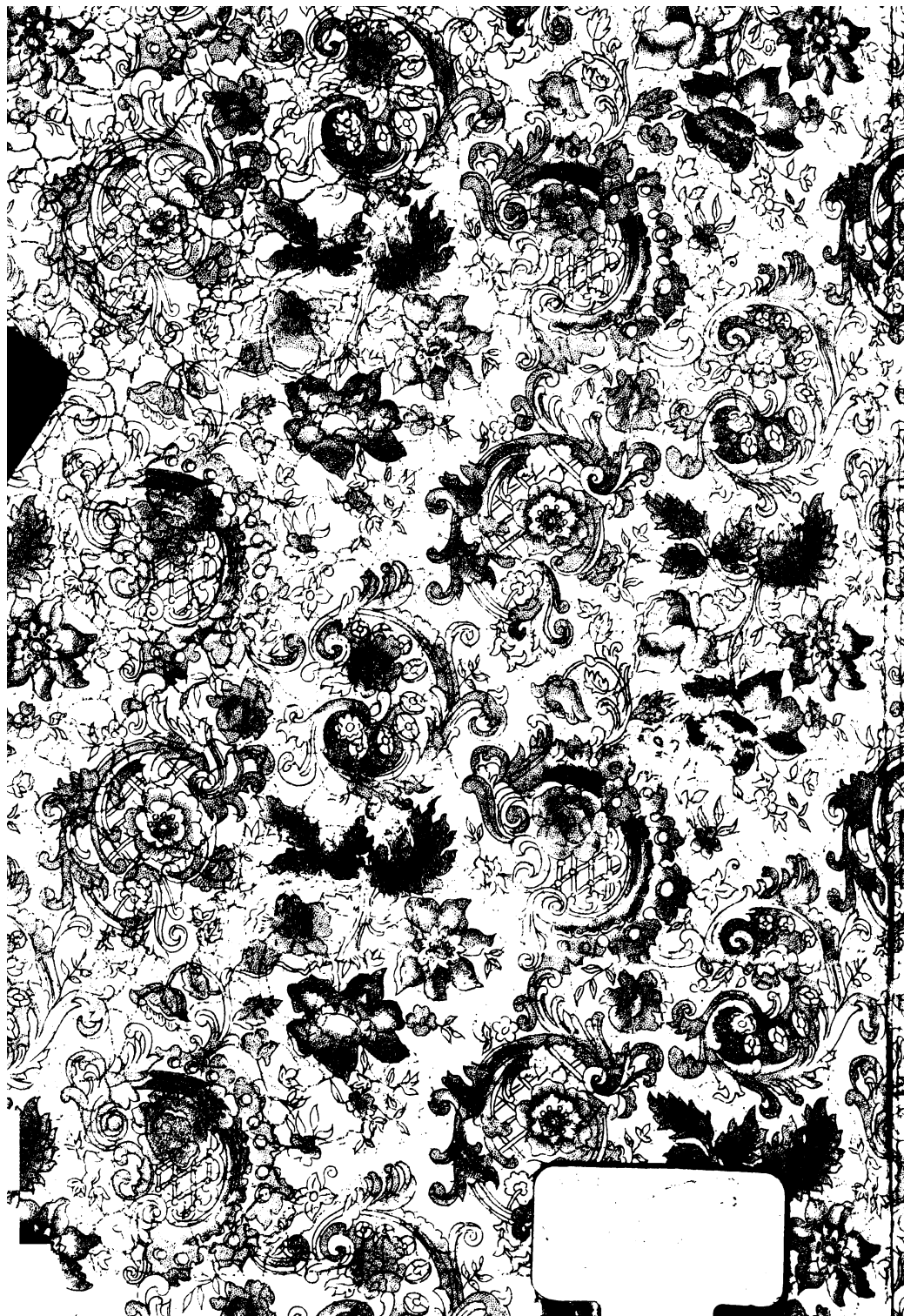
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

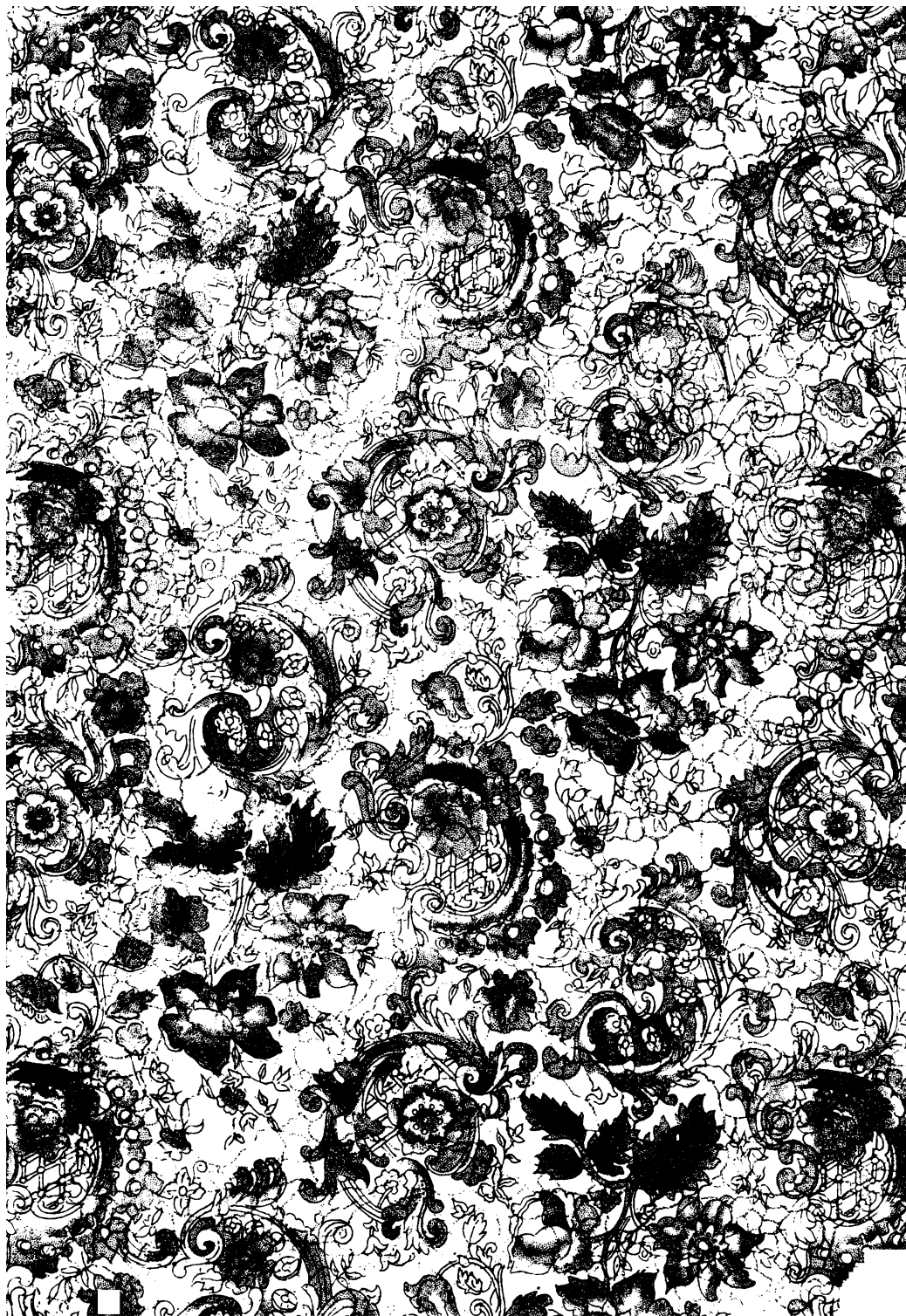
We also ask that you:

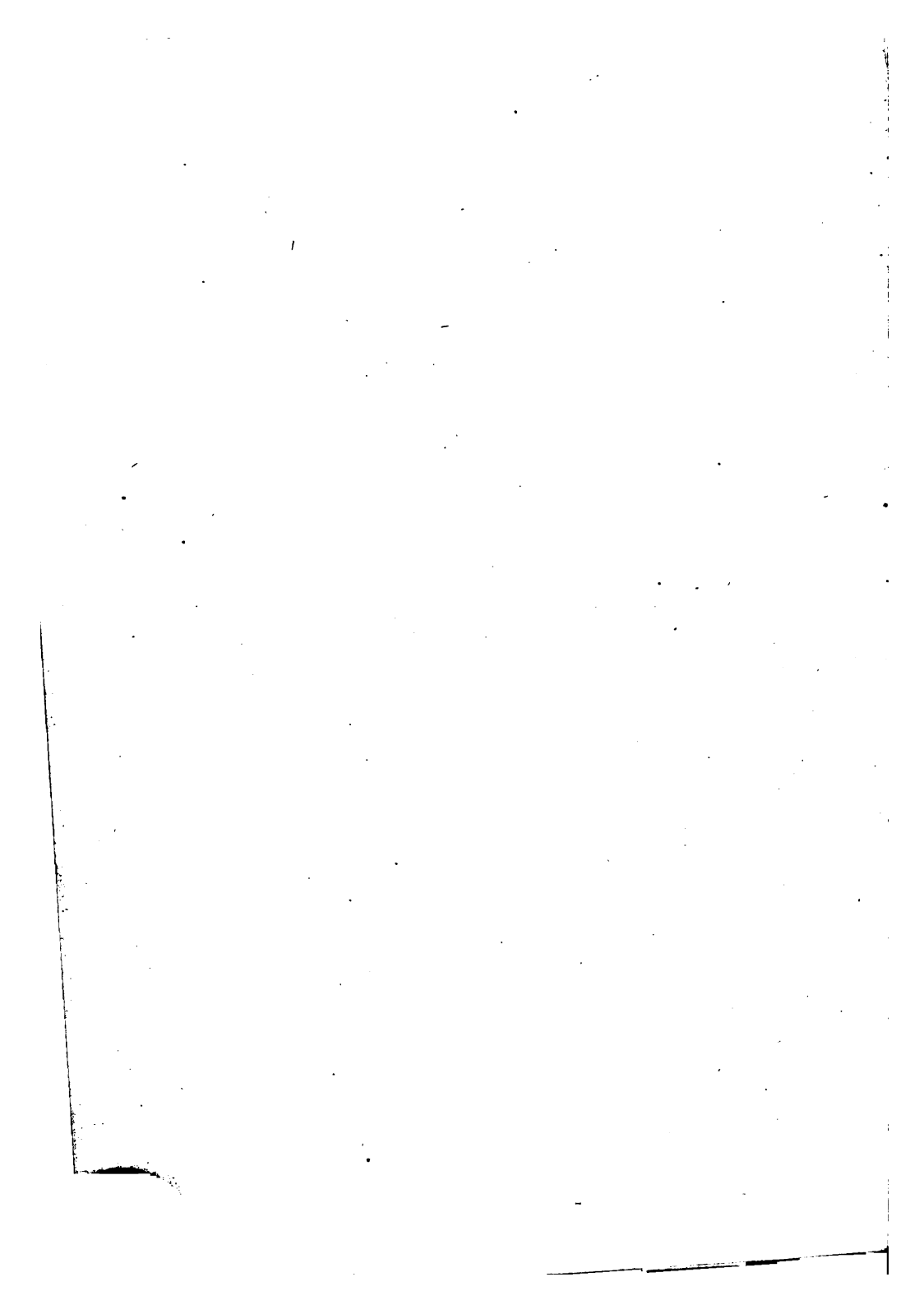
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







The Bugle of Right

**What the Old Flag Said
and other**

Poems of the New Patriotism

Hopkins -
ME

Scott Hillard

^{to}
New York Pub Library
1924



Yours for Humanity

L. A. Hopkins

THE BUGLE OF RIGHT
Birthday Souvenir Edition
March 27, 1913

Number 37

WHAT THE
AND
POEMS OF THE NEW

By
ALPHONSO ALVA HOPKINS



*Birth-day Souvenir Edition
March 27, 1913*

NEW YORK
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
1913

11



Wm. H. Loomis

Wm. H. Loomis

THE
BUGLE OF RIGHT

WHAT THE OLD FLAG SAID
AND OTHER
POEMS OF THE NEW PATRIOTISM

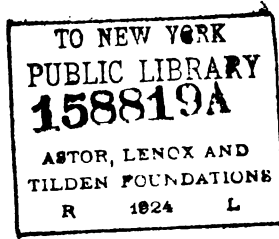
By
ALPHONSO ALVA HOPKINS



Birthday Souvenir Edition
March 27, 1913

NEW YORK
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
1913

II



Copyright, 1913, by
E. S. HOPKINS
(Printed in the United States of America)



A Birthday Wish

In Dedication

AT THREE SCORE AND TEN

*To each good friend who cares this book to own,
Its pages here I gladly dedicate,
As if to him or her it went alone,
A message true, with helpful purpose flown
From life to life, by heart still young, elate.
And ever, while the patient world must wait,
May Right's clear Bugle sound its ringing tone,
As if by lips divine divinely blown,
To reach the listening ear of small and great,
With hope of coming kinder, nobler fate;
Till through the land, in every clime and zone,
The love of Man shall evermore be known,
As love of God in human hearts has grown,
And Manhood comes to its divine estate.*

New York, March 27, 1913.

Contents

THE BUGLE OF RIGHT

	PAGE
A BIRTHDAY WISH	7
THE BUGLE OF RIGHT	13
WHAT THE OLD FLAG SAID	16
THEIR CALL TO THEIR CANAAN	19
ON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY	23
FOR HUMAN BROTHERHOOD	25
THE AMERICAN TEMPLE	28
ON INDEPENDENCE DAY	31
MANHOOD AND MAMMON	34
LIFE UNTO LIFE	36
ON GOLDEN SANDS	38
LABOR AND WEALTH	40
THE PATRIOT AT THE POLLS	41
TO PREACHERS AND TEACHERS	43
A THANKSGIVING SHRINE	44
THE SUNRISE OF A CENTURY	46
THE SALOON DOOR SWINGS	47
COLLAR OR CROWN	49
MAGDALENE ROW	50
THE PULPIT AND THE PEW	52
BOY AND BAR	54
FORGOTTEN GRAVES	56
THE JERICHO ROAD	58
THE CORONER'S WELCOME	60
THE LEGIONS OF GOD	64
LIQUOR OF DEATH	66
DAWN AND PROMISE	67

Contents

	PAGE
RISEN, YET CRUCIFIED	67
A THANKSGIVING PRAYER	68
"MONEY TALKS"	70
"HERE TO DO BUSINESS"	72
PAINTING THE BREWERY	75
THE BREWERY'S PARTNERS	77
WASTE AT THE BUNG	79
SAID THE BREWER	81
THE ROAD TO TOPERSVILLE	84
THE CRY OF THE TEMPTED	86
THE HUMAN CRY	88
GOD'S YEOMEN	90
OUR CREED	92
MY BALLOT	93

MEMORIAL AND PERSONAL

THE SILENT	97
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	105
NEAL DOW	107
GENERAL A. W. RILEY	109
GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK	110
"I HAVE CREPT IN WITH MOTHER"	111
JOHN B. FINCH	113
GEORGE W. BAIN	114
JAMES G. CLARK	115
THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT	117
CHARLES HENRY MEAD	119
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH	122
A SONG OF HOPE AND FAITH	125
LIVING AND DEAD	127
IN BENEDICTION	129
"NOW I LAY ME"	131

The Bugle of Right

The Bugle of Right

O Men of the North and the South!
O Men of the East and the West!
There's a foe to be faced
That is laying in waste,
Thro' our land, many fairest and best.
Were the call to the fierce cannon's mouth
Ye would answer with rallying cheers;
When the test is of life
And of soul, in the strife,
Will ye falter from cowardly fears?

These are days when the sabres may rust
In their scabbards where long they have hung,
When the cannon are mute
As the strains of a lute
After songs of the singer are sung;
But the war of the Good and the Just,
Against arrogant Evil and Might,
Is demanding of Men
That they rally again
To the call of the Bugle of Right.

The Bugle of Right

By the breath of our God it is blown;
It is calling from sea unto sea
To the leal of our land,
In appeal and command—
Hear it sounding for you and for me.
Shall we answer in love for our own?
Shall we hasten our homes to defend?
Must our Flag of the Brave
Be a sign of the slave
Till our nation in folly shall end?

When the minions of Drink are enrolled
Under banners of lust and of greed,
With a purpose to win
For the succor of sin
And the glory of Wrong and its creed,
Then the yeomen of God must be bold
And unflinching to do and to dare,
As with fervor of hate
For the foe of the State
Into battle His banner they bear.

When the coward would compromise all
For the fleeting success of to-day,
Or a truce would invite
With the foemen of Right,
Or would flee from the fight in dismay,
Then God's yeomen upon Him will call
For the courage of soul to be true,
And will follow the gleam
Of His leading supreme,
Though the faithful grow weary and few.

The Bugle of Right

Then the Bugle of Right they shall hear,
Sounding clearly from soul unto soul,
Till with daring of hope
With the foe they can cope,
Striving on for the good and the goal;
And the fainting, who lingered in fear,
By the breath of its call shall be stirred
Till they fly to the front
Of the battle's fierce brunt,
And the cheers of the victor are heard.

When the call to the red cannon's mouth
Over mountain and valley rang wide,
Then the son and the sire
Felt its fervor and fire
In their hearts till they answered and died.
Now to men of the North and the South,
And to men of the East and the West,
Comes the call and command
From the Lord of the land,
As it echoes from valley to crest:

"Lo! My people they perish from sin;
And My land it is burdened with lust;
But the few, unafraid,
And the true, undismayed,
Must fight on for the Cause that is just.
In My name if ye battle to win,
In My courage and strength if ye smite,
There shall be no defeat,
For no call to retreat
Can be blown by the Bugle of Right!"

What the Old Flag Said

**Of Free Manhood in sov'reignty over itself;
But they shudder with pain at the passion for pelf,
The corruption and crime, which are fed at the bars
Binding freemen in bonds, to the shame of my stars!**

**When I wave over Labor's magnificent host,
Or above the great ships that rich Commerce can boast,
I am proud; but with dread and with sorrow I shrink
When I fly for the red-handed pirates of Drink.
It is treason to Right, when above the foul den
I am flaunted by Law for betrayers of men!
They are traitors to me, and the story I tell,
Who would give me to guard the red gateways of hell!**

**O ye men of America, manly and proud,
Shape me not, in your folly, for Freedom a shroud!
By your love that I show for your garlanded graves,
Let me never become the base banner of slaves!
Let me never again, to your sorrow and blame,
Be the Flag of the Freebooter's plunder and shame!
For the sake of the souls of the millions to come,
Bid me herald no longer the Traffic in Rum!**

**By the spirits of Washington, Warren and Wayne;
By the blood of your sires in defense of me slain;
By the love that ye bear for the Nation they built;
By the hate ye should share for dishonor and guilt;
Rise in might of your Manhood, O men who are true;
Kiss my folds that ye hallow, of Red, White and Blue,
Lift your faces, and swear that forever your vote
In defense of the wrong shall forbid me to float!**

Their Call to Their Canaan

Read at the Celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Organization of
the Prohibition Party, Oswego, New York, August 25, 1909.

Forty years through the wilderness weary
They wandered, the People of God;
From their Edom of hopelessness dreary,
Long hopeless, despairing, they trod;
While the Pillar of Cloud shone in splendor
Of promise before them by day,
And the Pillar of Fire, as defender
By night, lit the gloom of their way.

Since the dawn of the centuries ever
Some people of God have gone out,
On some quest of as hopeless endeavor,
From Edom of wrong and of doubt;
And before them His promise has glistened,
Behind them His torches have burned,
While above they could hear, if they listened,
His words which too often they spurned.

Forty years!—There are men who remember
How wide has their wilderness been
Since they started, that far-off September,
Across the Red Sea of Red Sin;
And they know, though but seldom they say it,
How hard is the way they have walked,
Hearing Duty's own call, to obey it,
While the multitude scorned them and mocked.

Their Call to Their Canaan

Farwell Hall—'69!—and the Red Sea
Of Drink was before them that day;
And for millions since then its deep Dead Sea
Has yawned on the dangerous way.
Farwell Hall!—and the brave men who met there,
To band for a Canaan to be,
Had the faith and the purpose to get there
Though sore the long road they should see.

So they answered the Call, as they heard it;
They followed the vision they saw;
And though long was their Canaan deferred, it
Is sure as was Sinai's Law.
"Thou Shalt Not!" was the mandate supernal
That came from God's mountain of old;
They have read it, on tablets eternal,
Have said it, in syllables bold.

"Thou Shalt Not!" when the Wrong would still bind you
And master your will with its might;
"Thou Shalt Not!" when Old Evil would blind you
To God, and the Truth and the Right;
"Thou Shalt Not!" when for gain of the greedy
The State would its virtue assoil,
When the young, and the weak, and the needy,
Are sold for the bribe and the spoil.

Back to Sinai's Word they have hearkened
Who far through the Wilderness came,
And though often their pathway was darkened
With doubt, and with sorrow and shame,

Their Call to Their Canaan

**They have urged for the State and the Nation
That standard of Truth which began
When the Lord, in His Own Proclamation,
Gave Law to the children of Man.**

**Against License for Sin they have banded
Themselves, as if Moses they saw
Standing there on the Mount, as commanded,
In light which illumined God's Law;
And amid the unholy conditions
Of men by the devil enticed,
They have stood for the Law's Prohibitions
Which come before Canaan and Christ.**

**Some have sunk by the wayside to slumber
Unbroken by duty or dream—
Let your memory name the dear number
Who sleep after struggle supreme;
Call them over in silence unbroken,
As upward your faces are turned,
With a tribute of tears for your token
Of love and of honor well earned.**

**While the noble departed are neighbors
Of God, in His Country of Peace,
Where from duty well done, and the labors
Of combat, they came to release,
To the living our laurel we tender—
The living, as leal as the dead—
And may Right, as a Pillar of Splendor,
Illumine the way they are led.**

Their Call to Their Canaan

O Thou God of the Wilderness, hear them
Who still in their wilderness cry!
Grant the light of Thy presence to cheer them
Till Canaan and comfort are nigh!
From the height of Thy might and Thy glory
Thy mandates declare once again,
"Thou Shalt Not!" till the Wrong, too long hoary,
By Law shall be mastered of men!

Lean your soul to the future and listen—
O doubter of Truth and of man!—
Still unfailing God's promises glisten
For those in Humanity's van;
But the road from the Wrong of each Edom,
By Wilderness wanderers trod,
Must run, if it reach to Right's Freedom,
By the Law-giving Mountain of God!

On the World's Highway

Respectfully inscribed to Rudyard Kipling

One sang of the White Man's Burden, and many caught up
the strain

Till the world should heed, in its hungry need
And its conquering greed of gain;

And loudly the Future's challenge rang out to the long
To-day—

"You must bear your load, as you walk the road
That is known as the World's Highway!"

But what is the pack most heavy that burdens the shoulders
bent?—

And by whose hard hand, in the toilsome land,
Is the burden so weary lent?

Not care for the distant alien, though sullen and wild he be;
Nor did stranger hands from the distant lands
Bring our burden across the sea.

We fashioned it here, in freedom, and nourished it here in
pride,

Till it grew so great that it cursed the State,
And the rule of the State defied;

And still, with its giant grapple, the weight of it grows and
clings

Till our strength it steals and the nation reels
As if robbed by the lust of kings.

On the World's Highway

Look out where the millions gather, who cry with our common
speech,

And behold them there as the load they bear
With a torturing share for each!

Gaunt poverty stalks among them, and harlotry tempts to hell,
And the hands once white are a crimson sight
That of murderous might can tell.

The blood of the child is tainted by vice in the father's veins;
And his hot desire is a liquid fire

That will torture while life remains;

The devils of greed torment him wherever he walks the street,
And the fiends of sin would his Manhood win
To its final and sore defeat.

Where Virtue in white would worship, the scarlet flames
forth of vice;

And the Church would sell to the gates of hell
Its permission to swing for price;

And Labor is robbed of wages, and Toil is taxed for naught,
And the fraud and shame are in Law's high name—
For permission to rob is bought.

Go forth to your alien peoples, O ye who would make them
men,

And the burden bear of their ward and care;
But remember your kindred, then!

To-morrow is near, and mighty for weal or for human woe;
But the Lord has heed of your neighbor's need
As to-day on the way ye go!

For Human Brotherhood

Far over the seas men famish for care from a Christian land;
But in want they die at our doors who lie,—
And they do it at our command.
The burden shall grow more heavy, so long as the curse
we hold
For the crimson price of the shame and vice,
And humanity sell for gold.

Has the world swung onward, upward, for nearly two thousand
years,
Since the Lord of Men in His mercy then
Brought gladness and hope for tears?
O Christ of the Cross triumphant! come back in Thy love and
might,
And Thyself reveal, till the world shall feel
That its burdens are all made light!

For Human Brotherhood

Far across the waste of waters, from the sunny Land of Spain,
Came the vessels of Columbus in the daring of their quest;
With unfaltering faith he steered them, o'er the wide, un-
measured main,
To the mighty Land of Promise in the West.
To the New Espana, waiting where the sun in glory set,
Sailed the patient, eager Captain, with his meager, doubting
crew,

For Human Brotherhood

And our millions must remember—would we ever quite
forget?—

How old Mother-Spain gave birthright to the New!

Scan the record of the ages, with its pages black as night;

Show the scarlet-written chapters of the Spaniard and his
crimes,—

Of his blood-red Inquisition, still on History the blight;

Tell the story of our brighter, whiter times;

Make your boast as brave and ringing as America's can be,

Over sin and crime and wickedness that Spain has made
her own;

But remember, O ye millions in this Country of the Free,

That she gave the Land of Promise to be known!

Out of darkness, that was blacker than the Erebus of old;

Out of wrongs red-handed, cruel, till the world would weep
in shame;

Till the pages of the ages have a sweeter story told,

From the midnight to the dawn our country came;

And we bear the Flag of Freedom, we uplift the Cross of
Christ,

We declare a grander Manhood and a nobler will and way;

But remember, O ye millions, whose unyielding faith sufficed
For the story and the glory of To-day!

Comes a fleet across the waters from the coast Columbus
knew,

On a mission that is deadly as his own was large with life,
While the nation we have founded, where the breeze his vessels
blew,

Hears the loud and angry challenge unto strife;

For Human Brotherhood

And the Flag our sires defended must in honor still be borne
In defense of human weakness, and support of common right,
And their sons will bear it bravely, though by red-hot volleys
torn,

Till it gleams in final glory for the Right!

But Humanity is grander than the flaming battle-sword,
And the Brotherhood of Peoples than red carnage more
sublime;

From the Cross of Christ a glory more beneficent has poured
Than all battlefields have blazoned in all time!
All the wages of the ages, for the bloody work they wrought,
Would not match the honest value of a single human soul;
And remember, O ye millions, that for every battle fought
Human Brotherhood must pay the costly toll!

May the sword of Justice, leaping from the scabbard swift
and keen,

Soon be sheathed again in honor and forever without stain!
Till the sons of men remember what the Son of Man did mean,
When upon the Cross He suffered and was slain!

May the Brotherhood of Christ abound, East, West, and North
and South,

And a nobler, grander Manhood universal come to be,
Till the birds of song their nestlings rear in every cannon's
mouth,

And the dove of Peace descends on every sea!

April 24, 1898.

The American Temple

We are building in this Western World a Temple fine and grand,

For the Peoples of the Future in its beauty to behold;
And the glory of its grandeur shall illumine every land,
When the pages of the ages have been told.

We must rear it in the splendor of a Manhood that is true
To the Godlikeness within it, for divinest mission born;
With a love as wide and tender as the One Messiah knew
We must labor till the Consummation Morn.

There are four foundation pillars of this Temple that we build,
And each one must bear its burden, howsoever great the share;

Never yet was master-builder in his art so wisely skilled
That for sure foundations he could idly care.

And this Temple, slow uprearing, must be founded on the rock,
If the Future shall behold it,—if unmoved it may remain
Through the stress of angry tumult, through the wilder
tempest-shock

When fierce lightnings rive the lurid air in twain.

Shape The Home support with caution, O ye builders of the State!

Guard it well from every danger; keep it plumb with Love
and Truth;

For upon this comely pillar rests forevermore the fate
Of our Temple, in the future of our youth.

The American Temple

Build the Home of empty bottles, empty casks and empty kegs,
It will crumble into fragments underneath its heavy load,
And The Temple based upon it will go down among the dregs
Where the flood of Drink with wreck and ruin flowed.

Shape The School with careful wisdom while The Home
ye guard so well;

Let no liquid foe assail it, thro' the cruel greed of men;
Shield the childhood that it symbols, from the poisoned fumes
of hell;

Make it firm and fair, as fashioned, always then.
For they build the State in beauty who adorn the human mind,
Who extend its range of vision, and who broaden human
thought;
They are dastards to their duty, they are traitors to their kind,
Who to deaden brain and conscience can be bought!

Fair and firm, and strong, unyielding, let The Church forever
stand,

At its corner of The Temple that we rear with costly pride;
Let it bear full share of burden, at the Master's own command,
And refuse again to see Him crucified!

For the virtue of the Woman, for the purity of Man,
It should lift itself with courage and its honor swift avow;
It should smite the bar and brothel, and the shameless License
Plan

Which compels it in obedience to bow.

Be The Ballot Box a pillar that shall not be overthrown,
Rising still erect, unbroken, 'mid the perils which abound,
While around it men shall gather, in the greatness they have
grown,

To defend the rights of Manhood they have found!

The American Temple

**Make it clean from all corruption, keep it free from curse of
gold;**

**Shield it well from sin that sanctions other sin for guilty
gains;**

**Till the lords of mighty nations in their majesty behold
How The Rule of Man in majesty remains!**

**We are building here a Temple for the Future wide and vast,
And its four foundation pillars on The Citizen we rest,—
Solid rock of sober Manhood from the quarries of the Past,
Fit and fashioned for the Future's final test.**

Shall the wages of the ages all our labor compensate?—

**Shall our Temple stand in beauty when the thrones of men
go down?—**

**Then upon The Sober Citizen build well The Sober State,
Make its Manhood worthy Coronation's Crown!**

Then forever from our Temple fair, upon each Natal Day,

**Let the Flag we cheer and honor tell of Loyalty to Man,
Till the lowest and the highest shall the law of Love obey,
And the love of Law perfect our nation's plan,—**

**Till the vision of the Fathers when they framed it shall be
shown,**

**Like the story of a glory never seen on land or sea,
Of a chosen people marching to possess its princely own
In this Land of Life and Labor for The Free!**

On Independence Day

**On this Independence Day
We may proudly sing and say
"We are greater, we are grander, than our past;"
For we know the way we came
To our Nation's pride of name,
And a present and a future wide and vast.**

**From the tyranny of kings,
And oppression's cruel things,
Up the rugged path of Progress we did climb;
And the bleeding feet of men,
As they struggled upward then,
Left their crimson trail along the steeps of time.**

**Now we look around the world,
And behold our Flag unfurled
In its beauty and its grace on every sea;
While on every ship and shore
It shall wave forevermore
As the emblem of a people proud and free.**

**Fire the cannon! ring the bells!
Till the chorus lifts and swells
From each mountain-top and valley, east and west;**

On Independence Day

Tell the story, brave and true,
Of our Union old and new,
In this land where faith and fortune find their best.

* * * *

But on Independence Day
We may sadly sigh and say
"We are not the Sons of Freedom that we seem;"
For as coward slaves we bow
To a cruel tyrant now.
And he rules us with a tyranny supreme.

From the barrel and the cask,
The decanter and the flask,
Come the poison, the pollution, of his breath;
Upon every street he walks,
And our manhood there he mocks,
And the sons of men he curses to their death.

Every holiday he claims,
And he burdens it with shames,
Till he brings it all red-handed to the night;
And the night of sin and crime
Is the tyrant's harvest-time,
When he blackens all his kingdom with its blight.

In the Halls of State he stands,
With his scepter in his hands,
And his princes there his lightest will obey;

On Independence Day

For the place he gives, or gold,
Manhood there is bought and sold,
And the souls of men are made the devil's prey.

* * * *

In our Land of Brave and Free
Nevermore this king should be,
For he levies burdens heavy on us all;
To rebellion stout and long
Let us rise, a mighty throng,
Quick to answer God and Duty as they call!

By the Flag we lift and love,
By the graves it waves above,
With the story of its glory on each tongue,
Ring the Independence Bell,
Sound of tyranny the knell,
Till across the land in power it has rung!

Then each Independence Day
We can truly sing and say
"We are greater, we are grander, than of yore!"
For the reign of Rum shall cease,
And the sway of Love and Peace
Shall make glad the hearts of men forevermore!

Manhood and Mammon

I.

Hear the cry of the clamorous millions
All shouting for Silver and Gold!
They are eager for Money and Mammon;
For gain they are zealous and bold;
But they heed not the Cry of the Human
That rises from suffering hearts;
They see not the shame and the sorrow
That shadow the busiest marts.

Gold! Gold! -

Silver and Gold!

This is the battle-cry,

Ringling and bold,

That millions are making,

Tho' souls may be aching,

And hearts may be breaking,

While Manhood is murdered for Silver and Gold!

II.

Hear the prayers of the sisters and mothers
Go pulsing with pain upon high,
From the homes where they kneel in their anguish,
And weep in dishonor, and die!
But the Chorus of Gain echoes louder
Than pleas of the smitten can rise,
While millions go shouting for Mammon,
And Manhood in misery dies!

Manbood and Mammon

Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Hear the loud battle-cry
Ringing and bold,
That millions are making,
Tho' souls may be aching,
And hearts may be breaking,
With pain and with sorrow that can not be told!

III.

Are the beings divinely created,
Forever divinely endowed,
Of no value in sight of these millions
Who shout for King Mammon so loud?
Are the souls for whom God gave a Savior,
For whom at a price He was sold,
Worth less than the Silver of Judas,
Or cheaper than ingots of Gold?
Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Such is the chorus from
Sheep of His fold,
Where millions are praying,
But Mammon obeying,
Redemption delaying,
While Christ is dishonored for Silver and Gold!

IV.

By the Cross in the churches uplifted
In sight of the sinner and saint;
By His death who did perish upon it
In love that knew never complaint;

Life Unto Life

By the hope of the world in a Manhood
Well worth such a death to redeem,
Let Men be more precious than Money,
Let Manhood be counted supreme!
Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Shame on the shouters for
Mammon so bold,
Their Savior forsaking,
Tho' souls may be aching,
And hearts may be breaking,
While Manhood is murdered for Silver and Gold!

Life Unto Life

Born in a splendid palace,
With luxuries all at hand,
Or born to the poor man's frugal board,
With luxury always banned,
The boy is a costly blessing,
A luxury in himself,
Where Plenty waits by the palace gates,
Or Want on the poor man's shelf.

Life Unto Life

Home is a palace noble,
When Love is the keeper there;
And Life is a royal, holy gift
That comes to its ward and care;
Though bells may ring at its coming,
By Royalty's glad commands,
Or Want may wait at the poor man's gate
With hunger and empty hands.

Life is a gift all gracious,
From source that is all divine,
Yet ever a tax on life and love,—
Your life and your love, and mine.
We pay for the princely token,
As other lives paid before
When thus we came for a place and name
To cottage or palace door.

Wealth pays, for the gift so precious;
Want pays, from its meager hoard;
Love gives its all, in the palace hall,
And there by the humble board;
And life unto life is debtor,
For life and its costly care,
To all who pay, till the Judgment Day,
Unless it shall earn its share.

O Man with your debt uncanceled—
O Men who have paid for such—
One Life went out on the crimson Cross
That Love might redeem for much;

On Golden Sands

But woe to your peace eternal
If all that you ought to pay
Stand yet unpaid when the scales have weighed
Your life, at the Judgment Day!

And woe to your soul, O Christian,
If any can point and cry—
“He did not help me to pay my debt,
But helped me in debt to die;”
For he who to life is debtor,
When comes the accounting time,
Through the deed you did, or the help you hid,
Shows life in yourself a crime.

On Golden Sands

We are building a stately Temple
By the labor of Christian hands,
In the World's great West
Where we build the best,—
In the fairest of Christian lands;
We must mould it of loyal Manhood,
Made clean in the Master's Name,
Through the Christ who died
For a world so wide,
To redeem it from sin and shame.

We are building a Golden Temple,
For the Ages to guard and hold
When the scroll of Time
Shall have grown sublime

On Golden Sands

With the Deeds of the Age of Gold.
We may mould it with Man's endeavor
Made strong in the strength of Youth,—
We may work and sing
Till its arches ring,
We may blazon its walls with Truth,—

But as proudly they rise to Heaven,
And as grander their glory grows
Through the day supreme
Till the evening's dream
In the gleam of the sunset glows,
Though the Temple is broad and massive,
As if by the Master planned,
And we build it strong,
Be it based on Wrong
It will not through the Ages stand.

We are shaping a dream of splendor,—
God give us the Christian will
To be builders true
As the Ages knew,
And to build it with Christian skill!
We must mould it of royal Manhood,
And shape it with loyal hands,
And rear it to stay
Till the Judgment Day,—
But not upon Golden Sands!

God help us as Christian builders
To build on the Rock of Truth!—
To be brave and wise!
We may pierce the skies

Labor and Wealth

With our Temple of Gold and Youth,—
We may rear it in gorgeous glory,
As if by Divine commands,—
But if reared on Wrong,
Though it seem so strong,
We are building on Golden Sands!

Labor and Wealth

A Labor Day Commentary for Toilers.

Pile it up in the banks by the million,
To keep for the proud millionaire;
Pay it out to the many
Who toil for each penny
That so in their need they may share;
Shape it into the palace of splendor,
All gilded with silver and gold
By the patience of Labor,
Where Want is its neighbor,
And Hunger unfed may behold;

Yet is Wealth but the garner of wages
That Manhood should earn and be paid;
Yet is Wealth but the glory
Of Labor, the story
Of what sober Manhood has made;

The Patriot at the Polls

And the waste of it, wicked and wanton,
Must curses and criminals breed,
Where the poor and besodden,
The weak, the down-trodden,
On husks of the starving must feed.

Let the Prodigal, sober, repentant,
From sloth and from hunger and sin,
Come again to his payment
Of wage, and the raiment
And food of sobriety win!
Let the Manhood which maketh a nation
In soberness come to its own.
Where with Wealth for its neighbor—
Proud partner of Labor—
It rules, like a king, on its throne!

The Patriot at the Polls

Make room for him there, O ye men
Who care not for duty or God!
Make room for a Man
Who must walk as he can
The way which the patriots trod!
There he stands, as a unit for freedom
Of manhood, and purpose, and might;
Make room for him there,
In his ballot a prayer,
Embodied, for Truth and the Right.

The Patriot at the Polls

Make room for him there, lesser men
Who bow to your party's behest!
Make room for a son
Of the Patriots, one
Who carries their creed in his breast.
In his heart is the hope of the nation;
Its trust is upheld in his hands;
Make room for him, then,
As a master of men
Obeying his Master's commands!

Make room for him there, as he comes
A witness for God and the Truth!—
Defender of all
That for justice may call
From want, or from weakness, or youth.
There he stands, in his glory, a freeman—
No bond party-slave to be freed!—
His forehead might wear
A king's coronet, fair
As crowns but the kingliest deed!

Make room for a Man, as he brings
His tribute to God and the Right,—
Who goes with the soul
Of a freeman, to goal
The grandest in Liberty's light,—
Who bears in the boon of his ballot
A trust that he never betrays,—
Make room for him where,
With his ballot a prayer,
He votes as the Patriot prays!

To Preachers and Teachers

**"A compromise of Right is a triumph of the Wrong!"
Let it loudly ring from sermon, let it proudly sing in song,
All across our Christian land!
Tell it, bravely, all ye preachers;
Spell it, gravely, all ye teachers;
Till the statesmen and the people understand!**

**Among us Error stalks, with a brazen, bloated face,
And it walks o'er Truth and Manhood, while it mocks at their
disgrace;
And it sneers at all their shame!
Teach it, gravely, O ye teachers,
Preach it, bravely, O ye preachers,
That the compromise of Christians is to blame!**

**The hand of Duty shrinks from the task that God has set;
And a sleepy Conscience winks and blinks at Evil that is met,
In the Church and in the State;
Then proclaim it, godly preachers;
Name and shame it, moral teachers;
Ere your courage and your conscience rouse too late!**

**Men hunger, where the fields have been lavish of their yields—
Where the greed of men o'er need of men a tyrant scepter
wields
While the children cry for bread;
Spell it slowly, moral teachers;
Tell it, holy, saintly preachers,
Till the hungry and the innocent are fed!**

A Thanksgiving Sermon

The images of God in the slime of sin are trod,
By the feet of human vultures that with selfishness are shod;
And the law defends the deed!
Make it plain, O public teachers,
That in vain are pious preachers
If the practise do not parallel the creed!

Where Christian men uphold Wrong or Sin for guilty gold,
They shall see the wrath of God at last His flaming path unfold
While they cower at His feet!
Take His Word, O puny preachers!
Make it heard, as living teachers
Of a Gospel that is Godlike and complete!

Indulgence can not buy, under License low or high,
Any right for man to blight for man his Manhood till he die,
While the devil holds the purse!
Loudly teach it, righteous teachers,
Proudly preach it, ye His preachers,
Or the God of wrath shall smite you with His curse!

A Thanksgiving Sermon

For golden grain, and loaded wain, and garnered gain,
We thank Thee, Lord of all the harvest fields!
Thy summer smile did richness large beguile
That plenteous Autumn yields.

Across the land Thy bounty spanned, with generous hand
Thou hast Thy fruits in liberal mercy strewn;
Thy loving care hast ripened everywhere
The gifts that life has known.

A Thanksgiving Sermon

Again we lift, for every gift, and all the thrift
That richer makes the millions Thou hast made,
Thanksgiving loud—the humble and the proud—
Too long, we know, delayed.

Yet once a year our hearts draw near, in loving fear,
Thine altars, Lord, where meekly we would kneel
And praise Thy name, and all Thy love proclaim,
Thy tender goodness feel.

Through all the year's red blood and tears, Thy hand appears
Yet leading on Thy people, as they came,
Although the way, one fateful, dreadful day,*
Grew black with crime and shame.

Forgive us, Lord, if watch and ward, with one accord,
We did not always wisely, justly keep
O'er Virtue's crown, till it in grief went down
And made the wide world weep!

Forgive us now, as here we bow confessing how
We did not guard the glory of our trust,
But stood for Sin, Thy temples oft within,
And license gave to lust!

Hold patient, still, Thy holy will, nor smite or kill
The men who wrong Thee, wronging Brother Man!
Make plain to each, in weakness we beseech,
The wisdom of Thy plan!

So let us pray, Thanksgiving Day, and all the way
That onward we in faith and love may walk;

*Assassination of President McKinley.

The Sunrise of a Century

And make our deeds fit so our Brother's needs
As not our prayer to mock!

His thanks are best, in final test, by whom is blest
Each heart and life that meets him on the road;
His praises blend where heavenly songs ascend,
Who lifts another's load.

Build us a shrine, by deeds divine, like unto Thine,
O Father God! along the way we go;
And kneeling there, in praises and in prayer,
May men diviner grow!

The Sunrise of a Century

"Tis the sunrise of a century!—and long the shadow cast
By the Man who fronts the Morning, on the Eastern heights
of Time;

In his being is embodied all the promise of the Past,
For a Future that shall make him all sublime. [way—
Slowly, slowly, through the ages, he has groped his gloomy
Lit by faggot-fires that burned him as a martyr to the Truth,
Set with crosses he has crimsoned for the Truth he must obey—
From the far forgotten cycles of his youth.

Then salute him, all ye peoples of his long endeavor born!
Through the ages ye are debtor for the wages he has earned;
Pay your homage to the soul that all unworthy things would
scorn,

Though it gave the mortal body to be burned!
And remember, O ye millions who in proud obeisance bow
At the feet of Man your Master, how his weary way is trod,
To the summits and the sunrise, that immortal on his brow
He shall wear the kingly coronet of God!

The Saloon Door Swings

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Nigh to the Doors of God,
Inviting their feet who must walk the street
Inside, where the weak have trod,—
Inside, where the strong have fallen
To deeps of disgrace and woe,—
And with laugh and song do the weak and strong
Within, to their ruin, go.

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Hard by the House of Prayer,
And many who meet at the Mercy-Seat
Consent to its presence there.
“Our Father who art in Heaven,”
They pray as with Christian breath,
Then stand at the polls and vote that souls
Go down to eternal death.

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Hung by the Law's commands,
And the keys of the Law its bolts withdraw
By help of some Christian hands;
While Motherhood weeps in sorrow,
And Childhood in hunger cries,
And Womanhood's crown in the slime goes down,
And Manhood in madness dies.

The Saloon Door Swings

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Nigh to the gates of home,
Inviting the feet of the boys we meet
From Purity's paths to roam
And men who go past it always,
With Pharisee prayer and pride,
Declare it shall swing for the votes they bring
Who plunder the youth inside.

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Close by the Gates of God,
Alluring the feet that must walk the street
With pain or with passion shod;
And above them in mocking splendor
Gleams yonder the Cross of Gold,
While the Christ again, in the sons of men,
For party and greed is sold.

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Close by the altar-stairs,
And mocks at the men who defend it, when
They kneel for their Sunday prayers;
It mocks at the pious partners
Who say it shall open there,
For the silver and gold of the shame so bold
That City and State may share.

The saloon door swings on its hinges,
Paying the price of sin,—
For share of the State in a gain too great
For Honor and Law to win;

Collar or Crown

And "Woe unto him that buildeth
A city with blood!" God's blame
On the many who sell, for the fruits of hell,
Their brothers to sin and shame!

Collar or Crown

Will you wear the party collar or the voter's kingly crown,
When Election Day invites you to a sovereignty sublime?—
Shall the dive's debasing dollar drag your princely purpose down
To the low corrupting level of a crime?
Will you bow in meek surrender to the tyrant that would reign
Over Home and School and Hamlet, in the city's crowded
street?
Will you stand a sure defender, for some share in guilty gain,
Of the Curse that claims your vassalage complete?

In the nest of Human Freedom sits a vulture—bird of prey;
And it hatches foulest brood that ever darkened fairest sky;
Till our land has grown an Edom for God's children, on their
way
To the better Land of Promise by-and-by.
And the birds of evil breeding sweep their shadows over all,
While the blight of their corruption spreads its poison every-
where;
And the smitten, sore and pleading, in their weakness faint and
fall
For there comes no Christian answer to their prayer.

Magdalene Row

Love is weak, and Law it falters to uphold the Truth and Right,
And the brave become as cowards breathing poison's foetid
breath,

Till the fire on Freedom's Altars feebly flickers to its flight,
And the Curse would strangle Manhood to its death.
But the Better Day is nearing, when the vulture shall be slain,
When its brood of evil breeding shall be smitten ere they fly,
When a Christian Manhood, hearing weak and wounded cry in
pain,
Shall make answer from its throne of purpose high.

Be a unit for the glory of the land we love so well,
Not a fraction in the forces that its glory would efface;
Have a part within the story that the Better Day shall tell,
When the Ballot shall have ended Law's disgrace.
Wear no more the party collar, in the country or the town,
When the nation's weal commands you to assail a Curse and
Crime; [crown,
Hold the Man above the Dollar, wear your Manhood's kingly
On the day of sovereign duty most sublime!

Magdalene Row

O Friend of the Magdalene, loving and tender,
Look down on the fallen in mercy to-night!
Behold them in pity
Who soil the proud city,
Whose womanhood smirches the city's white light!
O bright Star of Bethlehem, beaming in splendor,
Shine down on the erring as wanton they go,
With sin on their faces,
To sin's awful places,
Where Lust is the master, in Magdalene Row!

Magdalene Row

- O Friend of the Magdalene, born in a manger
That night when the Star in its purity shone!
Within the proud city
They wait for Thy pity
At whom the self-satisfied hurl the sharp stone.
And weak, before wanton, unconscious of danger,
Their sisters pass on with the crowd, to and fro,
Where Vice beckons brightly,
And Virtue, led nightly,
Is lured by her tempters to Magdalene Row.
- O Friend of the Magdalene! Mary, Thy mother,
Would weep for lost womanhood now, were she here,
With heart full of pity,
To walk the great city,
Where Purity hastens in peril and fear.
And were she now with us, her Son would be Brother
To each of these fallen who never Christ know—
Who see not His features
In any male creatures
That lead them to ruin in Magdalene Row.
- O Mary! Thou Mother of Christ! if our Brother,
Thy Son, were yet living in each manly breast
That beats in our city,
Its manhood, in pity,
Would shield all thy sisters, beset and distrest;
And never again should we look on another
Sweet face like thine own, wearing womanhood's glow,
And sigh, with a shiver
Of fear, lest the river
Should claim it, and chill it, from Magdalene Row!

The Pulpit and the Pew

O friends of the fallen, professing the Master
To love and to serve!—when the daylight has fled,
With hearts full of pity,
Walk through the vile city
Which Motherhood mocks by its Brotherhood dead!
See sisters allured to defeat and disaster
Of virtue and love, and then succor them so,
From sin's awful places,
That never their faces
Can shame you and blame you in Magdalene Row!

True Friend of the Magdalene, loving and tender,
Look down on the lost ones in mercy to-night!
Behold how the city
Lacks Christ and His pity,
And Motherhood curses with sorrow and blight!
From Bethlehem come once again, with new splendor
Of Manhood and God, or with Calvary's glow
Warm conscience to waken,
Till MEN shall have taken
The license and lust from each Magdalene Row!

The Pulpit and the Pew

I.

From the pulpit and the pew, where the Christian peoples meet,
Comes a call to me and you that we must heed:
"Lo! they perish in their sin
Whom the Savior died to win,
For the Church of Christ has failed them in their need!

The Pulpit and the Pew

**The Devil's Doors are open, when the Gates of God are shut,
And the arms of hell their victims fast enfold,
Drag them in, and hurl them down,
In each Licensed-Liquor town,
Where the souls of men weigh lighter far than gold!"**

**Let the steeples loud proclaim
To the peoples, in His Name—
In the name of Christ the Crucified who suffered cruel shame—
By His death upon the Cross
To redeem the world from loss—
"Rise and smite the Liquor Traffic, in His Name!"**

II.

**From the pulpit and the pew Manhood's feet have wandered far,
And the cry to me and you is loud and clear:
"Lo! they walk the ways of sin
Whom the Crucified should win,
And the Cross is vainly lifted for them here.
The Gates of God are narrow, and the Devil's Doors are wide,
And the latter swing wide open all the while;
For the Christian Voter's key
Turns the bolt that sets them free
Where the feet that easy falter they beguile!"**

III.

**From the pulpit and the pew comes the sorrowing complaint,
And it means for me and you a warning cry:
"Lo! the living Church of Christ
Has by Mammon been enticed
Till it makes the Way of Sinners broad and high!"**

Boy and Bar

The Gates of God it closes to the multitudes who go
Through the Devil's Doors that open free and wide;
They have lost respect and care
For the Godly Place of Prayer,
And for them the Crimson Cross is nullified!"

IV.

To the pulpit and the pew comes the lesson of it all—
In the hearts of good and true it must be heard:
"That the Cross of Christ may win
We must close the ways of sin,
And must walk the narrow pathway of His Word!
The Gates of God must open, the Devil's Doors be shut,
By the hands of Christian Patriots at the polls;
For the sake of Him who died
Must your greed be crucified,
Ye must prove that gold is lighter far than souls!"

Boy and Bar

Wanted!—a Boy for a licensed bar!
Give him, at once, as the bar demands!
Home, where the Mother and Sisters are,
Cease to withhold him with tender hands!
Church, that would guide him in days of youth,
Yield him where curses and crime begin;
School, that would teach him in ways of truth,
Give him to teachers of shame and sin!

Boy and Bar

What is the Home, when the bar must be?
What is the Boy, when the bar must live?
Who should the Mother defend, when she
Hears the Home-robber command her—"Give?"
Give—of the blood of her inmost heart;
Give—of the life of her throbbing breast;
Give—of her body and soul a part;
Give—at the Home-robber's bold behest!

What are School and the Church, to men
Greedy for gain at their cruel cost?
What do the bar-keepers count it, when
Purity, learning, and love, are lost?
License them, Fathers, for price they pay!
Sell them your sons, for their paltry gold!
Millions of revenue far outweigh
Morals and life, when your sons are sold!

Nay! by the pain that the Mother knew,
Giving the Boy to enrich the State!
Nay! by the hope in her heart that grew
Holy and strong, for his Manhood great!
Nay! by the crown that the Father wears—
King in a nation of Kings indeed—
Silence forever the man who dares
Bid for the Boy in his grasping greed!

Close the saloon, with its ravening cry!
Silence the men for the bar who stand!
Lift the white banner of Manhood high,
Ever, for Home, with a Christian hand!

Forgotten Graves

Banish the foe of the soul and brain;
Stand for the Right as you bravely can;
Go not with robbers for greed of gain!
Cast a clean ballot for Boy and Man!

Forgotten Graves

A DECORATION DAY REMEMBRANCE

We laurel the graves of our brothers
Who fought and who fell at the front,
Where they carried Old Glory
On fields that were gory,
And bore in fierce battle the brunt;
We brighten their sod with our blossoms,
When summer returns with its bloom,
And above them Old Glory
Remembers their story,
Bedecking each love-laden tomb.

But there, where our heroes are honored,
An army far greater we know,
Who went down in a battle
No musketry's rattle
Made fierce in the days long ago—
The slain in a conflict as bitter
As ever cost hero his life,
Though never recorded,
And all unrewarded
The vanquished who fell in that strife.

Forgotten Graves

No blossoms are tended above them;
They sleep unbedecked and unknown;
And above them no column
Lifts lofty and solemn
To tell where their valor was shown;
They sleep, their sad legions uncouth,
Alike in the sun and the rain;
No summer-blossoms brighten,
Where winter-snows whiten,
The peace that has followed their pain.

Lost Army of Drunkards!—the fallen
In conflict they might have been spared!
To-day and to-morrow
They challenge our sorrow
As if they were heroes who dared.
Lament by these graves of our brothers,
O you who would honor your dead!—
And then blush that Old Glory
Should know their whole story,
Yet wave o'er the way they were led!

And hasten the epoch, O Manhood
That honors itself and the world!
When the Flag we revere so,
And cherish and cheer so,
Shall never again be unfurled
In sanction of those who are victors
Where Manhood goes down to defeat,
But forever outflying,
All evil defying,
Shall herald its Glory complete!

The Jericho Road

I.

A man was smitten, and robbed, and beat,
As he journeyed the Jericho road,
By robbers who waited the man to meet,
Hard by where the thieves abode!
You've heard the story, and how two came
On the way that he went before;
How they passed him by, to their lasting blame,
And looked on his face no more.
Still runs the Jericho road;
Still men go journeying down,
And are sore beset by the robbers who yet
Disgrace our Jericho town.

II.

But now Jerusalem calmly waits,
Till the thieves by the wayside there
Come bearing their gains through the city's gates
And give to the State her share;
And Priest and Levite, who walk one side,
Where Humanity, wounded, bleeds,
May rejoice that the robbers of men provide
For Government's hungry needs.
For on this Jericho road,
Where men go journeying still,
We are giving to-day, to the robbers that pay,
The right to rob as they will.

The Jericho Road

III.

Perchance the Priest of that olden time,
Were he living, a Priest, to-day,
Would approve of a license for Plunder's crime,
If only the thieves would pay.
The Levite, too, with the Priest might stand,
After walking behind him long,
With the price of sin in his cringing hand,
And vote for the highway wrong.
For on this Jericho road
Some Priests are passing to-day,
Who believe it is well for the people to sell
A license to rob, for pay.

IV.

Perchance if the right were denied to them
Who have smitten and robbed men so,
We should find it were well for Jerusalem
And wiser for Jericho.
But maybe the world's great need is yet
Of Humanity wounded sore,
So the good Samaritan shan't forget
The part he divinely bore.
So on this Jericho road,
Where man keeps plundering man,
The Samaritan goes, we may fairly suppose,
As part of the world's wise plan.

V.

God grant to the heart of the world, to-day,
A love that is large and sweet,

The Coroner's Welcome

Till all who journey along life's way
May go as with love-led feet!
May none be licensed to rob and smite,
From Jerusalem's walls to go,
But may all be led of His love and light,
Who journey to Jericho!
For out of the tomb Love rose,
When Death had buried it there;
And ever, to-day, should the world's highway
Be safe by its Christly care!

The Coroner's Welcome

The Coroner sat in his office—
A voluble sort of a man—
When to him there came
In the city's own name
One of those who the government ran.

"The Mayor has gone from the city,"
This other official he said:
"The Liquor Men meet,
And we want you to greet
And to welcome them for us, instead.

"A little thin-skinned is the Mayor;
Lacks nerve, too, as all of us know;
Looks like he had done
This his duty to shun,
But perhaps business called him to go.

The Coroner's Welcome

"You're the only good talker that's handy,
Come over as quick as you can
And welcome the sellers
Of Drink as good fellers!"

Then answered this Coroner man:—

"It's lucky His Honor is absent;
I'm good at this kind of a task;
I'll give 'em a greeting
To brace up their meeting,
As jolly as any should ask."

They went where already assembled
Were brewers, distillers, and such,—
Men sleek and rotund
As a whole Sängerbund,
And some as pronouncedly Dutch.

None there had a countenance rueful,
Each face was as pink as a rose;
They wore diamonds and rings
And such radiant things,—
And some of them wore a red nose.

They had come to lay plans for the future,
Each other to cheer and to aid;
And each purse and each person
Betokened no curse on
Their calling—best known as "The Trade."

"You are welcome, my friends, you are welcome,"
So spake up the Coroner true,
"To the best that our city
Contains—'tis a pity
The best were not better for you.

The Coroner's Welcome

"We know what your business is doing
For us as officials, and say
 You're a set of good fellers,
 You men who are sellers
Of Drink, who are with us to-day.

"A vital necessity to us
Your business has certainly grown,—
 A thing quite essential
 And highly potential,
But not for my business alone."

He smiled a broad smile so expansive
They caught an aroma of joke
 In this welcoming speech
 Rather out of their reach,
As thus for the city he spoke.

"You help us to all the fat places
That we as good patriots hold;
 You help us to plunder
 The people, who wonder
Where goeth much tax-gathered gold.

"You help to make need of policemen
And sheriffs, and judges, who draw
 Good pay from their neighbors
 For arduous labors
In partly enforcing the law.

"You make both the jail and the jailer
Imperative with us, because
 Men drink as you sell
 The elixir of hell
And laugh at our Puritan laws.

The Coroner's Welcome

"You furnish the chiefest of reasons
Why jails and asylums we build,—
You furnish the most
Of the criminal host
When jails and asylums are filled.

"Without you I ask what the business
Of some office-holders would be?
Some such as I've mentioned
(All quite well-intentioned),
The Coroner also—that's me!"

His joke was now clear enough to them;
Some smiled, and a few of them scowled;
A part of them cheered,
And some others just leered,
While others looked surly, and growled.

The Coroner gazed on them queerly—
Perhaps in contempt of them all;
Perhaps the last "case"
They had sent to his place
He happened right then to recall.

"Don't think that my welcome is selfish,"
Suavely and sweetly he said,
"Or that now as I greet you,
Delighted to meet you,
I'm thinking too much of the dead.

"I hail you, the living, as gladly
As if you were brothers indeed;
I know that the longer
You live and grow stronger
The surer of me is there need.

The Legions of God

"On behalf of my brother officials
As well as myself, let me say
You men who are sellers
Of Drink are good fellers,
And welcome, right welcome, to-day."

And then, his brief greeting thus ended,
The Coroner smiled and went out,
After shaking the hand
Of the Chairman so bland
Whose face wore a shadow of doubt.

"Next year at our Annual Meeting
The Mayor must speak for the town,"
The Chairman then said,
With a shake of his head;
"This Coroner stuff don't go down!"

The Coroner sat in his office,
And smiled over what he had done—
"Mighty lucky for me,"
To himself then said he,
"That for Mayor I never shall run!"

The Legions of God

When the Legions of God shall His banner upraise
In the strength of His arm and the might of His name,
Then the curse of the Drink will have numbered its days,
And forever shall end all its ruin and shame.
But the Legions of God must in Brotherhood go
That is Christly, not march with the cohorts of Sin,

The Legions of God

And each in his neighbor must certainly know
Another who battles that Manhood may win.

Is it Jesus or Judas who marches in you?
Will you stand for the Lord, or His mission betray?
Whether Priest or pewholder, or Gentile or Jew,
What ranks do you march in and fight in, to-day?
Do you trail the white banner of God in the dust,
With the army of sin, like a coward or worse?
Then remember that God is both loving and just,
And can pardon, but also can wither and curse.

When the Legions of God in His Brotherhood stand,
A great phalanx for Truth and the glory of Right,
They shall be like the few in old Gideon's band,
All girded and kept in the strength of His might!
As they battled, those few, for God's government then,
And as victory came to those fearless who fought,
So the faithful of God must be banded again
Till His work in the world, to His glory, is wrought!

Then a song of Thanksgiving shall gratefully rise
In the Home and the School, from the multitudes there;
And a jubilee chorus shall greet the glad skies
From the millions who then the great victory share.
Then the organs, outpealing, in triumph shall sound,
And the bells in the steeples ring loud their acclaim
That Christ all His own has in Brotherhood bound,
And these are the victors o'er Satan and shame,
In the strength of His arm and the might of His name.

Liquor of Death

Rolling it in! Rolling it in!
Woe, and sorrow, and shame and sin!
Fresh from the brewers, each morning brought,—
Foam and froth to be sold and bought;
Liquid curse for the men who buy;
 Robber's purse, for the men who sell;
Whether the license be low or high—
 Liquor of death, from the vats of hell!

Rolling it in! Rolling it in!
Misery, murder, for men to win!
Casks, and barrels, and cans, and kegs—
Lust, and evil, to sin's own dregs—
Beverage born for the bane of thirst;
 Sold for the greed of the men who sell;
Liquor of death, by the Lord accursed,
 Drank for the greed and the gain of hell!

Rolling it in! Rolling it in!
Hunger and want in each cask begin!
Devils and imps in its turbid tide
Laugh and grin where they lurk and hide;
Liquor of death, for the men who make—
 Liquor of death, for the men who sell—
Agony here, for the hearts that break,
 Curses and woe for the fiends of hell!

Risen Yet Crucified

Dawn and Promise

Stand here beside His open tomb, to-day,
All ye who hope, and, hoping, work and pray
For human good! For Christ the King did rise
Lord over Death, in swift and sweet surprise
Of Love and Faith; and since He thus arose,
For Brother Man each morn an Easter glows
Of Dawn and Promise, till for Man is done
Each day's long duty, and the evening sun
Finds Christ his guest, where'er his home may be,
In all the world-wide land of Galilee.

But Dawn and Promise each man's duty wait;
And Christ was crucified at will of State,
In man embodied. So in man the will
To crucify Him lingers, potent, still;
And laws to license crucifixion hold
The State in guilt, for sums of guilty gold,
Where lifts the Cross to which our Christ is sold;
While "Prohibition" men should plainly see
Flame out across each Easter sky, to be
Promise of Dawn for all our Galilee!

Risen, Yet Crucified

Did He rise from the dead? Lo, the tomb
Is wide open, to-day!
And its glory illumines the gloom
Where as Lord over Silence He lay.

A Thanksgiving Prayer

Let us deck it with bloom that we bring,
 Out of love that is ours;
Let our hearts in glad melody sing
 While we offer the incense of flowers.

But they crucified Christ! Let us grieve
 O'er the deed and the dead!
For 'mid fragrance of blossoms, we leave
 Still the same cruel crown on His head.

In His image our brothers we kill
 On the Cross of our greed;
And He suffers on Calvary, still,
 From the sin and the shame of our deed.

Let us wash the red blood from each hand
 A white ballot should bear,
Till His death and His life make our land
 In His Name our own answer to prayer!

A Thanksgiving Prayer

I.

God of the Feast! lest we, Thy sons, forget,
Within each mind some solemn picture set
Of need and want, of sorrow and of woe,
Because of sin Thy weaker children know
Which we might spare them, working well with Thee,
If prayers were deeds, and praise could worthy be.

II.

God of the Hungry! feed Thy starving ones
By human hands of brothers all Thy sons;

A Thanksgiving Prayer

Forbid such famine, in the homes of need,
As comes of lust and selfish gain of greed
Where Wealth, outreaching with its miser clutch,
Turns love to gold and curses with its touch.

III.

God of the Nation! on this day of days,
Our thanks enlighten and enlarge our praise!
Make us to find in Man the larger good
That comes from Thee through human Brotherhood!
Make us to see the Christly touch of grace
Which Thou hast put on every human face!

IV.

God of us all! be our Thanksgiving true
To Thee and Christ, as ever Angels knew!
Where Want is worst, may some behold Thy Son
Break Life's own bread to every hungry one;
At every feast may Christ in human form
Bring cheer and blessing and Thy bounty warm!

V.

God of the Right! from feasting send us all
To do Thy will where famish men who fall!—
To close the doors of robber dens that wait
For plunder in the name of Law and State;
And bring Thanksgiving through the world again
By each, to each, in Love Divine!

Amen!

"Money Talks"

Listen to me, all ye men of the nation!

Hear me!—and fear me!—and heed my commands!

Mine is your manhood, whatever your station;

Mine all your hopes, and your houses and lands!

King am I, now, on the throne I have builded,

Ruling, in pride, a republic of slaves;

Dead are their dreams, while they worship the gilded

Crown that I wear, kneeling over their graves!

Put far away all the past and its glory;

Days when they battled for Man are a lie!

Mine be the future, with fortunes all gory;

Mine be the gains of the millions who die!

Poverty?—let the fools find it and perish!

Want?—let them sink in its ruin and slime!

Wealth?—it is all in my greed I can cherish;

Hunger?—behold it, and count it a crime!

Labor must starve to make fuller my coffers;

Life must its comforts concede to my gain;

All that my sway to the laborer offers,

There where he delves, is but sorrow and pain.

Down in the mines let him dig till he dies there;

Out on the farms let him sow what I reap;

"Money Talks"

Why should I care for the Hunger that cries there,
Naked, and worn, for the Gold that I keep?

Mine are the fruits of the hands that are heavy,
Weary, and hard, from their decades of toil;
Mine is the might and the right to make levy,
Eager and swift, on the fruits of the soil;
Monarch am I of the times and the seasons;
Ruler am I of the goods they may yield;
Tribute and treasure for me are the reasons
Back of the bounty from forest and field.

Hear me, and heed, every statesman and scholar!
Ye shall be crushed, if my reign ye defy!
Brand in your brow my own sign of the dollar,
Shout for and serve me, till Manhood shall die!
Only my henchmen can win the high places
Held as reward for the serfs of my throne;
Only the faithful, who bear on their faces
Proof of their vassalage, count I my own!

Hear me, and heed! I shall win in the battle
Rashly begun to depose me, to-day!
Rebels against me shall be as the cattle
Eating my corn, ere the order to slay.
King am I here, on the throne of my power,
Ruling in might a republic of slaves;
Dead are their dreams; and this only their dower—
Worship for me, while they kneel by their graves!

"Here to Do Business"

THE SIGN AND THE SEAL, AND THE LEGAL APPEAL,
OF A GILDED HIGH-LICENSE SALOON

(Dedicated to REV. HARRY GREENSMITH, Who Wrote of the Sign, as Seen
in New York City.)

Here to do business!—we brazenly tell it!
Liquor to sell—and our trade is to sell it!
Enter, young man!—we invite, we compel it by splendors untold!
Gleaming the glasses within that invite you;
Beaming the beauties that dazzle, delight you;
Pleasures are here to allure and requite you—come in, and
behold!

Here to do business!—our bar, as you see it,
Glistens and sparkles—why fear it or flee it?
Men in high places endorse it—decree it—as proper and right;
Welcome, young man! as you boldly come nearer
Smile at yourself, in each elegant mirror;
Think not of Home, or of any place dearer than this is to-night.

Pictures are here, to beguile, to debase you;
Harlots are near, to defile, to disgrace you;
All the good cheer is a wile to deface you,—but be not afraid;
Many a man we have tempted before you;
Steady your nerve with a glass we will pour you;
Drink, as they drank—be a man—till the more you our profits
have made!

"Here to Do Business"

Manhood—forget all its morals, its duty;
Womanhood—care not for virtue and beauty;
Sin for a season is luscious, though fruity of sorrow and shame.
Look, and behold how our business has paid us!—
Riches magnificent here it has made us,—
What do we care if the fools who obeyed us to poverty came?

Here to do business, with license to do it!—
Licensed by men who in sorrow may rue it,
Once we have won by our blandishments to it some promising
son;
Here, by the ballots of men who defend us;
Here, to make sots of the sons they will send us;
Here for success—may it ever attend us as long it has done!

Down with the Church, and the Cross, and the
preachers!
Down with the school, and the scholars, and teachers!
Live the Saloon, with its vice, and its creatures of ruin and sin!
Listen, young man, to its music and madness!
Laugh, while you can, in the glare of its gladness!
Scorn the sleek saints who belie it as badness and fear to come in!

Life is too short for young fellows to care for;
Love is not worthy a thought or a prayer for;
Heaven is a hope too illusive to share, for the future is Hell!
Here is the gateway, we know it and say it,—
Licensed by law, though we do not obey it,—
Open for silver and gold, and we pay it, damnation to sell!

Here to do business, remember, young man, sir!
Business as bad as a life-killing cancer
Sucking the breast, we admit! But our answer is ready for each:

"Here to Do Business"

Silver and gold we have paid to pursue it;
Bargain and sale, and society knew it—
Sold us the right (though so dearly to rue it) to live as the leech.

Blood-suckers? yes! and it pays to be that, sir!
See us, and say, aren't we rosy and fat, sir?
Never a hungry, a lean, scrawny rat, sir, lives nigh to the bin!
Paying to rob, and the bin ever near us,
Sharing our gains with the people who fear us,
Only a sneak will upbraid us, or jeer us, and say that we sin!

Here to do business! Good-night! Come again, sir!
Splendor, and music, and mirth, for young men, sir!
Down the dim street is the dirty low den, sir, that waits with its
 woe;
When we have robbed you, with legal permission,
Stolen your all without care or contrition,
Down through its door, to the deeps of perdition, at last you
 shall go!

Painting the Brewery

**They've painted up the brewery and rightly made it red—
I think you'll quite agree with me, when all is done or said—
For red the danger signal is, and always lurking there
Is danger for the young and old; that color says, "Beware!"**

**They've painted up the brewery; its color tells the truth;
Within it perils legion lurk, for Manhood and for Youth;
Because with pride it lifts itself, and swells its lordly size,
Full many a hope that blossomed bright with bitter blighting
dies.**

**Within its walls the gladness goes of many a weeping wife;
Beneath its roof the secret hides of many a ruined life;
To give it gain, and make it great, full many a home knows lack
For love and life gone sadly out that never again come back.**

**To make its walls rise high and brave too many walls are bare,
Too many cupboards empty wait, with Want and Hunger there;
Where pictures might be hanging, and where carpets might be
spread,
There is no grace or comfort, and the children cry for bread.**

Painting the Brewery

**To feed its greedy, cruel maw goes grain from golden fields
That God's own sunlight ripened well for helpful harvest yields,
And God's own hungry go unfed, and want, and starve, and die,
That Walls of Greed may proudly rise beneath His bending sky.**

**They've painted up the brewery; and red of danger speaks,
And blood as well. They stole the tint from sorrowing
 mothers' cheeks,
That paler grew as boys went bad, and from the hearts that
 ache
With love and grief past all relief, and then in anguish break.**

Perhaps from Murder's blood-red hand they took the blood-red
hue—
The hand that once was pure and white as mother-heart was
true—
The hand that held the fatal glass which fired the fuming brain,
Till madness mastered Manhood quite, and love and life were
slain.

Perhaps from flames unseen by men those walls their color
take—
The fiery flames of Thirst that burn and Hell's own torment
make;
Perhaps reflection they may find from fires we may not see
Where round lost souls accursed by Drink Rum's demons dance
in glee.

They've painted up the brewery, built on the hopes of youth,
The hearts of love, the needs of life, the wrecks of home and
truth;
It stands a Monument of Greed, when all is done and said,—
A danger signal for us all—and rightly painted red.

The Brewery's Partners

Answer of the Brewers to "Painting the Brewery."

We've painted up the brewery, and, yes, we've made it red;
There's truth enough, we must admit, in much that you have
said;

But why not say some other things, as true as you have told,
About this business that we run because it brings us gold?

We run it?—yes! We own it?—sure! The building we could
sell

And give clear title, in so far as earthly records tell;
There is no mortgage on it held by human hands, to-day,
And—well, the devil won't foreclose while we his will obey.

Our silent partner? Call him such, if you may think him so;
We won't deny it, while his gains into our coffers go;
But we've another partner, whom with greater pride we name,
Although to hear us boast of him your cheeks may blush with
shame.

Your Uncle Sam!—our Uncle Sam!—our guilty gain he shares,
And for the gain but not the guilt supremely still he cares;
On every cask and every keg we put the sign and seal
That publishes his partnership and makes us prouder feel.

The Brewery's Partners

We could not sell—we could not brew—if he should once forbid;
And every vat of ours would rot if he should close the lid;
Our brewery would go to wreck, our business prove a sham,
If over it we could not fly the Flag of Uncle Sam.

We should not brew—we could not sell—if bars there could
not be;

And Uncle Sam commissions these—they pay his price, you see;
And over every one, he floats—emblem of greed and pride—
The Flag for which a host of men have bravely fought and died.

And yonder, where the bars abound from which our gains are
made,

Behold the men who license them and legalize the trade;
Our partners, too, they are, and we the partnership may boast
When we unfold for greed of gold this profit-sharing host.

They sit in highest halls of State, they kneel at altars low;
And in and out among God's great and good and true they go;
For sorest need of men they plead, and for the gain of souls;
Yet at our call they're partners all—our partners at the polls.

We rule your cities at our will; our cities rule the land;
The men you choose to serve your wish obey our mild
command;

Where commerce calls you to success, with bloated pride we
come,

And while we flaunt our business bad your dealers best are
dumb.

We've painted up the brewery, with profits that we took
From every man of honest trade—we know it well; but look;
The people are our partners, who could make a mighty fuss;
They keep the Flag of Uncle Sam still flying over us.

July 4th, 1905.

Waste at the Bung

"State taxation of the liquor traffic has steadily grown in popular favor. There have been collected under this law during its brief period of existence more than \$33,000,000, which have been applied to the reduction of State and local taxation and have thus relieved the earnings and savings of all the poor people of the State."—*Liquor Plank in the N. Y. State Republican Platform*, 1898.

I.

We are proud of our Revenue Record—we are!
Of the gains we have gathered from brothel and bar;
Of the tribute we take from the house of ill-fame,
Of the profits we make from the woman of shame;
Of the millions we've brought to the coffers we hold,
From the manhood betrayed and the womanhood sold;
But we beg for clean ballots wherewith we may win
While we boast of our tolls from the traffic of sin.

II.

We are proud of the millions! But what of the men
And the women who pay? They shall pay us again!
We will fatten on sin and will thrive upon vice,
While we hold the State's virtue for sale at a price.

Waste at the Bung

The saloon shall remain with its festering crime,
And the brothel shall fume with its terrible slime;
They may ruin young men, but as long as they pay
We will share in their profits, their bidding obey.

III.

Yes, we know that the tolls which in taxes we take
Come at last (or at first) from the many who make
By the bar and the brothel their manhood a lie;
But so long as the tax (or the license) is high,
Then the millions we get from the sin and the shame
Shall begild all the vice and efface all the blame,
And the men who pray loud for the coming of Christ
Will with gold to our guilty success be enticed.

IV.

We will talk of Taxation, and smile as we see
Still how easy to fool the poor taxpayers be;
We will tell how the bar and the brothel have paid
The high taxes that on the poor voter we laid;
For the dollar we show he will vote for the dive
That, so long as it lives, on his pocket must thrive;
But we never will tell him—we haven't the tongue—
Thus to save by the ballot is waste at the bung!

V.

To the brewers, bar-keepers and brothels we give
The protection of law that permits them to live;
And we say to them softly, "Stay by us! and hold
On your way, to our gain, while we garner your gold!"

Said the Brewer

And we say to the pulpits—which meekly obey—
“Let the party alone and the party will pay;
Pour the gospel of love sweetly over the pews,
But the Decalog do not too widely diffuse!”

VI.

We are proud of the revenue records that tell
Of the toll-gates maintained on the highway to hell;
We delight in the leeches that suck the warm life
Of the heart of the home, of the mother and wife;
For the manhood betrayed and the womanhood slain
We hold up the red hands of a murderer's gain;
And we boast of our millions, to bribe you to sin
With your ballots again, that again we may win!

Said the Brewer

Said the Brewer: “To be sure,
When the Deacon votes with me,
How good it is that two such men
So sweetly can agree;
I never step inside his church,
He never drinks my beer,
But all I want he helps me get
Election day each year.
O Deacon! don't you weaken
As Election Day draws near,
But remember in November
To befriend me and my beer.”

Said the Brewer

Said the Brewer: "To be sure,
When my ballot I record,
I do not seek the blessing of
The pious Deacon's Lord;
Gambrinus is my only God;
I pray to him, you see;
And vote to help the business that
Has millions yet for me.
But Deacon! don't you weaken
When Election Day is here
In November, but remember,
Cast your ballot for my beer."

"To be sure," said the Brewer,
"When the pious Deacon prays,
The Curse of Drink before the Lord
With unctuous faith he lays;
And that my business quick may cease
He fervently implores;
But while he loves the Lord, you know,
His party he adores.
And Deacon! you're a-seekin'
For your party to succeed;
Then remember, in November,
I'm the very man you need."

Said the Brewer: "To be sure,
I despise the Deacon's Day,
The Sabbath that he loves to keep
In such a saintly way;
I make it serve my purpose well;
My own I claim it, all;

Said the Brewer

My toll-gate on the road to hell
Where thousands reel and fall.
But Deacon! Though it's reekin'
With the crimson blood of men,
Just remember, in November,
How my money helps you then."

Said the Brewer: "To be sure,
When the Deacon stops to think,
He knows that while he votes with me
We'll never stop the Drink;
But though he hates my business when
He wrestles with the Lord,
The other party at the polls
Is always more abhorred.
And Deacon! I'll be speakin'
When Election Day is here,
So remember, in November,
Cast your party vote for beer."

Said the Deacon: "I'm a-speakin',
Mr. Brewer, and I say
I will not vote with you again
In such a wicked way!
Your business is a sin, I know,
It ruins men and souls;
Your guilty partner I will be;
No longer at the polls."
O Deacon; Now you're speakin'
As a pious Deacon should;
And remember, in November,
To be that way understood.

The Cry of the Tempted

I.

I saw an infant sleeping
In robes of purest white;
Beside him sat the Mother young
And smiled in Love's delight;
But out amid his fellows,
Ere boys were grown to men,
I thought I heard the cry they made
For help and safety then:
"O Fathers dear!
Behold us here,
Tempted and weak and torn;
Ye sell to Sin
For the gain ye win
The boys that Love has borne;
And Motherhood, for the price of blood,
Must watch, and pray, and mourn."

II.

I saw them at the fireside
As years went swiftly by,
The boys that Love so tender held
To purpose pure and high;
Their lives were large with promise,
Their hopes were strong and sweet;
But later on I heard their lips
The cry of pain repeat:

The Cry of the Tempted

"O men, who pray!
We walk the way
Wickedly set with snares;
Ye plant them there
For the gain ye share
With Sin that murder dares;
They catch and kill, by your wish and will,
And mock at love and prayers."

III.

I saw the Mothers weeping
For boyhood worse than lost;
I saw the homes where Sorrow wore
Its weeds of bitter cost;
And where the Rachels, mourning,
Could not be comforted,
I heard above their sobbing cries
These words of warning said:
"As ye have done
To weakest one
Tempted along the way,
So shall the Lord,
For your just reward,
Whate'er ye preach and pray,
Metre out to you, as your wages due,
When comes the Judgment Day."

The Human Cry

A THANKSGIVING APPEAL

Great Father!—God of all the ages past,
And of all time to be!
Hear now the Cry, through all Thy heavens vast,
Of joy, of pain, of praise and prayer, that we
Uplift again to Thee!

* * * *

The Cry of Joy!—For we are glad, O God!
We came a happy way;
Our feet amid Thy bloom and fruit have trod;
Where Love did linger we could smile and stay,—
Since last Thanksgiving Day.

Each morning Hope our eyelids opened wide,
And smiled into our eyes;
And led us up the road, our smiling guide,
And made each day a glowing, glad surprize,
Beneath her shining skies.

* * * *

The Cry of Pain!—It rises keen and clear
From hearts that ache and moan,
That throb and quiver from their hurt and fear.
Hear them, O Father, on Thy pitying throne,
For they are fainting grown.

Man's justice falters while they suffer wrong;
Man's laws to crime are kin

The Human Cry

Which make hearts ache and break with torture long,
From curses born of lust and legal sin,—

Dear God! Thy reign begin!

* * * *

The Cry of Praise!—Its hallelujahs roll

In resonance on high;

They tell of victors who have gained the goal;

They tell of Truth, which can not fail or die,

Triumphant by-and-by.

From battlefields where souls of men have bled,

In struggles long and sore,

Arise their loud hosannas o'er the dead

Of conquered wrong and sin forevermore,—

While glory shines before!

* * * *

The Cry of Prayer!—It breathes in mighty power

To Thee, O God of All!

Beseeching strength for Right's own crucial hour,

Thy people strive and pray. Hear Thou their call

Till hosts of Evil fall!

From faint and weak and wounded in the fight,

One constant cry ascends:—

“Help Thou our weakness, God of Love and Might;

Smite, Thou, for us, where sore defeat impends,

Till Right's long battle ends!”

* * * *

Great Father Mind!—and Mother Heart of Men!—

We lift our souls to Thee!

We give Thee thanks, in joy and pain again;

In praise and prayer may we Thy vision see

Of Heaven's own Good to Be!

New York, November, 1909.

To the Deomen of God

IN THEIR DAYS OF DISCOURAGEMENT

Are you Men, with the blood of your sires?
Then be true to your trust, as were they!
Light again, in your darkness, the fires
Of old faith, till the dawn of God's Day!
He will speak, if your soul will but listen,
To comfort its grieving surprize,
And His Morn on the mountains will glisten
To gladden the grief in your eyes.

Did you fight for the Right, or for glory?
Could success make the Wrong to be right?
Should the Right on the battle-field gory
Surrender, though death be in sight?
Did the Right ever die, when defeated,
And sepulture find with the slain,
Though its ranks, by desertion depleted,
Feared courage and faith were in vain?

Know the Scripture, how "He that believeth
Shall never make haste," then believe;
And your Captain, who never deceiveth,
Will bid you be glad when you grieve.

To the Yeomen of God

To walk slowly with God may be harder
Than fast with His foemen to ride,
But believe, and your heart with His ardor
Will throb as you follow your Guide.

Through the night, all the way, though His foemen
May hinder your march to the goal,
It is better to go with God's yeomen,
And stand with them, sturdy of soul,
Than the banners of Sin to be bearing,
With Wrong and its rallying cheers,
Or in Victory proud to be sharing
Which means an eternity's tears.

From the homes where the heartache is crying
To Man and the mercy of Christ—
From the dives where all virtue is dying,
By lust and by lucre enticed—
From the hamlet of peace, and the city
Of passion and strife, come the cries
To your courage, your conscience and pity—
Shall Manhood make answer with sighs?

Do you trust in the good, and the glory
Of life that is noble and true?
Have you pride in the fame and the story
Of heroes who battled for you?
Do you love the Old Banner they gave you?
Then bear it in hands without blame,
Nor surrender when sin would enslave you
And smirch it forever with shame.

Our Creed

Then recall Valley Forge, and the weary,
Long winter of Washington there,
When the future was darkness all dreary,
The present but patience and prayer;
And remember all struggle for Freedom
Must win through sore tests of the soul—
That each Canaan is far beyond Edom,
With peace and possession the goal.

Hear the Great Captain's call to His yeomen
Who face down the road of retreat:
"Turn again to the fight, and your foemen
Shall flee in their final defeat!
If My Strength in your weakness ye borrow,
My words of command ye obey,
Ye shall win, ere the night of that Morrow
Which dawns with the light of God's Day."

Our Creed

No wrong
So strong
In all this patient world,
But o'er it Right,
With royal victor's might,
The Flag of Truth forever has unfurled.

My Ballot

(SUNDAY BEFORE ELECTION)

I bring Thee, Lord, my Ballot, now,
This holy Sabbath hour of Thine,
And beg Thee listen to my vow,
And make Thy will and purpose mine!
I pledge Thee that as Man for Man,
And man for God, this ballot true
Shall serve as best a ballot can,
Though counted feebly with but few.

I pledge Thee that no taint of sin
Shall soil it, through a bribe I take
To cast it that some man may win
For party's mere unholy sake;
I pledge Thee that for Truth and Right,
For love of Thee, it shall be cast;
That I will hold it clean and white
As if it were indeed my last.

My Manhood it shall represent,
Not some ignoble wish for gain;
Thy blessing surely must be lent
If I but keep it free from stain;

My Ballot

Give me the will Thy will to seek,
When to the ballot-box I go,
And help me stand for all the weak
Whom law and lust have tempted so!

Let none seduce me to betray
My fellowman, for sinful greed,
But hold me, on Election Day,
By Christian love, to Christian deed!
And so may I my Manhood hold
Supreme above all meaner things,
That other men shall be more bold,
And suffrage make them grand as Kings!

So, Lord, my ballot here I bring
Before Thee, in this open hand,—
The thing that makes me as a king
When wrong and ruin should be banned;
The wrong may stronger be than I,
But with my duty bravely done,
To Thee in vain I shall not cry,
At last the Victory shall be won!

Memorial and Personal

The Silent

Read by the Author at Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument,
Middletown, N. Y., September 5, 1879.

I.

It is said that each block of the granite
That sleeps in a quarry unstirred,
If a sculptor should take it and scan it,
Would show, at his magical word,
A mute figure to gladden our seeing—
Some statue of strife or of peace,
Hid away from its beauty of being
Till art and love gave it release.

In each stone of the column uprearing
Before us in silence to-day,
Let us fancy a figure appearing,
And wonder and wait by the way—
Let us wonder and wait, as the fancy
Takes visible, beautiful form,
And with only the mind's necromancy,
Each figure turns vital and warm.

One is known as Devotion to Freedom—
A man with his soul in his face,
Looking back on some battle of Edom
That fades in the past, while the place
Round about him grows hushed as an altar
When prayer into silence has died,

The Silent

As the arm that for right could not falter,
Forever we miss at his side.

One we know as the Angel of Sorrow—
She stands with her tear-welling eyes
Turned away from the hope of to-morrow,
To weep for the dead; and her cries
Out of hunger, and heart-ache, and passion
Of grief unrestrained, we can hear,
Though the lips that of marble we fashion
As still as the bosom appear.

And beside her in tenderness lingers
The Angel of Pity, to lift
The bowed head with the touch of her fingers,
And bless her with sympathy's gift;
Divine Pity, with heart that is human
Though chiseled in granite she stands,
With the comforting faith of a woman,
And love over-running her hands.

Fair and proud, as was ever a goddess,
Is Fame, as the laurel she holds
In her beautiful hands, while her bodice
Is wreathed in the wealth of its folds;
And she smiles on the Youth of Ambition,
She beams on the Age of Desire,
Until crowned are the hope and the mission,
Or cold are the fever and fire.

And above them is Memory wreathing
A myrtle, to hallow the years,

The Silent

Looking back on the past as if breathing
A sad benediction of tears—
Looking back on the battle-fields gory,
Whose crimson was brief as a breath;
Seeing over the splendor of glory
The terrible color of death;

Seeing always the mounds that are lifting
Green hillocks of sod to the sky,
Where the billows of battle went drifting,
And duty meant only to die;
Calling over the roll of the sleeping,
Repeating their story of pain,
And in hallowing tenderness weeping
Above the dear dust of our slain.

Blessed Memory! silent and saddened,
With stony lips mocking at speech,
In her silence she often has gladdened
The hearts that some message beseech;
Out of pitiful love she has spoken,
By night and by day, of the lost,
And the gloom of our grief she has broken
By gladness that over it crossed.

II.

Let us lift the Old Banner, and love it,
As proudly for Country it pleads!
All the glory of speech I could covet,
To tell of its glory of deeds—
How it flamed where the battle was bloody,

The Silent

How over our heroes it flung
Its bright folds of encouragement ruddy,
Where victory waited and sung;

How above every failure it hovered,
To lighten the dark of defeat;
How with loving caresses it covered
Our dead in their duty complete;
How it led through the night of our Edom,
To Canaan of dawn and of peace;
How to bountiful blessings of freedom
From bondage, it brought us release.

O, ye Men of America! spare it
From shame of denial again!
Let us here In Memoriam swear it,
By faith and devotion of men:
That as long as their dust we shall cherish,
Who bore it in trouble and gloom,
Until freedom and faithfulness perish,
And manhood is borne to its tomb;

Until memory fades out of being,
And love is forgotten and fled;
Until life has become but a fleeing
From trusts of the quick and the dead;
We will bear every star in its splendor
As truly and proudly as they,
Who, with tribute as loving as tender,
We sadly remember to-day!

The Silent

In the swamps, on the plains and the mountains,
They sleep whom to-day we recall,
Where so freely they poured out their fountains
Of life, to the last, for us all.
Be ye loving and sweet with caresses,
O earth, wheresoever they rest!
May each sod be a balm as it presses
In tenderness over each breast!

May the sunlight shine warmly above them,
And beauty bloom over their mold;
May the breezes blow always to love them,
And never grow dreary and cold!
May the music be gentle and tender
That breathes in the drip of the rain,
As were bitter our tears of surrender
When love learned the lesson of pain!

They went out from your hills and your valleys,
Brave fathers and sons of Wallkill,
As a clan of true Highlandsmen rallies
At sound of the pibroch so shrill;
When the bugle was merrily ringing
Its call to the manliest goals,
All your borders were cheerily springing
To answer, and blossomed with souls!

Where the brave "Orange Blossoms"* were carried
By pressure of battle's hard brunt,
Life and death to war's music were married,
And always in blue, at the front!

* The 124th Regiment N. Y. S. Vols.

The Silent

And wherever the onset was heavy,
And bitter defeat was in sight,
Men of Orange replied to the levy
Of duty, and died for the Right!

If you laid them at last to their slumber
Within your sweet valleys of calm,
Or if still with the many they number,
Who sleep in the Land of the Palm,
Give each name to the Monument's keeping,
That he who Memoriam reads
May know, though the heroes be sleeping,
That love will remember their deeds!

III.

O, ye silent musicians, whose playing
Our soldiers to victory led,
Come away from your solemn delaying,
And play a sad dirge for the dead!
Let the fingers that long have been quiet,
The lips that forever are dumb,
Speak again to the rush and the riot
Of life, till we silent become!

Till we see the processions of sadness
Their way to the burial wend;
Till the light fades away from our gladness,
And dark is our doubt of the end;
Till the sisters that mourn for their brothers
Go lonely, bemoaning their lot,
And as Rachels in woe are the mothers
Who weep for their sons that are not!

The Silent

We are back in the days of the distance,
Borne there by the music of pain,
And our tears, with their bitter persistence,
Flow fast for the brave that are slain,
And we hear the far shock of the battle,
The sweep of proud masses of men,
The deep thunder of cannon, the rattle
Of musketry, clearly as then.

There are cheers for the victory splendid,
And tears for the victors who lie,
When the tumult and terror are ended,
With faces upturned to the sky;
And the living walk on with their burdens
Of sorrow, by ways that are dim,
And the dead, having paid for their guerdons
Of glory, sleep silent and grim.

Far away in the distance are fading
The shadows of war, and we play
But in vain at the pomp and parading,
The show and the splendor, to-day.
Through the arches of victory going,
Our legions heroical went
Where no bugles of battle are blowing,
And Peace all its beauty has lent.

They look down on us now in the spirit—
Brave souls that were true to their God,
Who faced death without needing to fear it,
As steadily forward they trod;

The Silent

And they speak to us now as we christen
With love the long patriot roll—
Let us lean out a moment and listen,
While soul makes appeal unto soul:

“As we died for the Union, to save it
From sin, and dishonor, and shame;
As redeemed unto Freedom we gave it
To you, the true wardens of fame;
As we fainted and fell on the marches,
And starved in the black prison-pen,
To uprear for you victory’s arches,
And build a free manhood for men—

“So we charge you to stand by the Altar
Of Country, with faith that is true,
And a purpose that never can falter,
To guard the Old Banner of Blue!
And as once you wept over our faces,
And now you mourn over our dust,
We beseech you be firm in your places,
We bid you be true to your trust!”

Let us lift the Old Banner, and love it,
As proudly for Country it pleads!
All the glory of speech I could covet,
To tell of its glory of deeds.
But in vain were all speech of our giving
Beside what the Silent have said—
Let us show, by our glory of living,
We hear the clear words of the dead!

Abraham Lincoln

HE WAS GOOD:

In his heart glowed a love for his race
That men saw as a light shining forth on his face.
In the sadness of sorrowful days he must share
From the depths of a soul heavy burdened with care;
When the pain and the pathos of life made appeal,
He could answer with touch that would comfort and heal;
Yet above his deep currents of sympathy ran
The bright ripples of laughter from man unto man.

HE WAS TRUE:

The Divine in his Manhood upheld
Both his heart and his hope, and sure purpose compelled.
He had never a doubt of Divinity's end,
Since he knew on the Truth he could safely depend.
For the good of mankind, and the glory of God,
He could walk the straight path by his feet to be trod;
With unwavering faith and unfaltering soul
He would follow the gleam till he came to the goal.

HE WAS GREAT:

And in stature supreme he could stand
Looking God in the face, for His word of command.
Like a prince among pigmies his manhood he bore
Above pettiness mean and malignings long sore;
And with malice toward none, but with charity wide,

Abraham Lincoln

He could answer the call of his Leader and Guide,
Till the olive-branch blossomed in love where He led
And the white lips of Peace kissed the battlefields red.

HE WAS STRONG:

He could suffer, and smile in his pain;
He could bear, and be still. Though his heart and his brain
Often quivered from blows of the bitterest blame,
The great strength of his soul never weakened in
shame.

He was brave in his patience. The masterful calm
Of his trust in the Right was like healing and balm
To the hurt of his life. When its torments grew keen
In the heat of hot passions, he waited, serene.

HE WAS BRAVE:

He was good; he was true; he was strong.
He was faithful in fighting the sin and the wrong;
He would stand for the Truth, without favor or fear;
He could smile at delay, with the eyes of a seer;
He could speak for the weak, whether bondman or free;
Between master and slave he could Brotherhood see;
And the curse of all races of men he would smite,
As a wrong and a sin, for defense of the Right.

AS A MARTYR HE DIED:

Now as MEN we may live,
In the strength of the true, which the Master will give.
Against wrong that is mighty, like him we may stand
In the might of the Right, at the Master's command;
And his dream should be ours, on each day of defeat,
Of a victory final, unfailing, complete,
When in all our broad land of the free and the brave
There shall be, evermore, NEITHER DRUNKARD
NOR SLAVE.

Real Dow

"HE BELONGS TO THE AGES,"

Thus wisely one said
As they wept by his form when the spirit had fled.
Then the ages grew richer with treasure untold,
As the scroll of their pages before him unrolled;
And he lives in their life, an immortal sublime,
While the tides of eternity roll upon time,
As immortal he lives where a mortal he trod
The hard highway of Duty to glory and God!

Real Dow

When the Century was cradled of whose waning age we knew,
In the state that greets the sunrise, a prophetic babe was
born; [he drew
At the breast of Right, of Duty, Manhood's nurture strong
Till his heart unholy Error swift would scorn.
And he grew to manly stature, with a great heroic soul
Filled and thrilled by lofty purpose to make royal sons of
men;
While before him on his march of life, he set a splendid goal
That should mark the reign of righteousness again.
There was nobler consummation for the Commonwealth he said,
Than to license wrong and evil and to share their guilty gain;
And he followed on courageous, where the light of Conscience
led,
Though it cost him sorest sacrifice and pain.
To efface the stain of statutes that were red with blood and
crime
On the records of his Mother-State, he labored well and long;
And he won for home and manhood, in a victory sublime,
Over all the allied legions of the Wrong.

Real Dow

O'er the land his bugle sounded "Prohibition!" clear and strong;
On the eastern coast they heard it, and across the prairies
wide;

And from sea to sea the souls of men caught up the loyal song,
Till for Manhood and the State they would have died.
To his daring they are debtor, thro' all days that are to be,
Who would make the Nation better by uplifting Law and Life;
Until every home and altar from the Curse of Rum is free,
Men shall hear his bugle calling to the strife.

He was knighted for his daring, in the heart of Womanhood,
And the tender hands of children laid their tribute on his
tomb;

For the fruit of his endeavor he was crowned by great and good,
With a laurel that shall always bud and bloom;
And wherever, high uplifted, men have borne the banner white,
Which in love and faith he carried till they laid it on his
breast,

It has blazoned forth a luster more beneficently bright
For the patience and the courage he possessed.

See him standing, calm, undaunted, where the tumults 'round
him rage,

Hear him speak for Home and Honor while the rabble mock
and sneer;

And remember, when for God and Man a contest you would
wage,

That your love and faith no mortal foe should fear.

As he would not bow to mammon, as he could not cringe to
crime,

As against the hosts of Satan he the victor's battle made,
So for God, and Home, and Country, till the glad Millennial
Time,

Shall our clarion call of Duty be obeyed!

General A. W. Riley

Learn of him, O brave Reformer, that tho' long and sore the
way

Up the steeps of hard endeavor to the summits of success,
From the lowlands, dark and misty, you shall greet the shining
day,

And the sunlit crown of labor shall possess.

Be his life your inspiration, as you stand for Truth and God!

Feel his heart-beats in your bosom, giving holy zeal and
might; [trod,

And when red with crimson crosses is the way your feet have
Share his holy consecration to the Right.

By the cradle of a Century prophetic, here we stand,

On our lips a Song of Promise that shall gladden all the
world;

For from Maine's own heights of morning, far across our
mighty land

Shall the Flag of Prohibition be unfurled!

And beneath its folds resplendent march the spirits of the
brave—

Of the loyal and the royal who have borne it to the end;
While our solemn vow we take again, above each loyal grave,
That its glory and its faith we will defend!

General A. W. Riley

"LET IN THE LIGHT"*

"Let in the light," O darkened soul of sin,

Borne down amid the shadows of despair;

With ghastly shapes of hideous mien shut in,

Let in the light, and breathe God's morning air.

*Words of Gen. Riley on the morning of his death.

General Clinton B. Fisk

"Let in the light," O manhood brave and strong!
The light of Truth, on conscience, heart and brain,
Till undismayed you see and smite the wrong
That blinds you with unholy greed of gain.

"Let in the light," O Christians, as ye grope
So far and feebly from the fearless Christ,
Who with the money-changers dared to cope,
And by their gains was not with them enticed.

"Let in the light"—the light that clear and sweet
Shone o'er the mount when on the mount He prayed
"Thy Kingdom come," and bade the world repeat
In His own blessed name the prayer He made.

"Let in the light," till sin shall shrink away,
And bold hypocrisy in shame be dumb,
And on us breaks the glory of that day
When Right shall reign through all His Kingdom come!

General Clinton B. Fisk

I.

Love-cradled in a cabin of the West,
The babe to boyhood's hunger quickly grew,
And hungered, thirsted, for the things they knew
Who passed with men as wise; and in his breast
There throbbed a longing, always unexpressed,
To stand some day upon the world's far blue
Horizon, 'mid the great, the strong, the true
The world might honor, as an honored guest.

"I Have Crept in with Mother"

The boy to manhood built his stature well,
Of truth and courage, purity and grace;
The mother's love clung round him like a spell,
And calm-eyed Duty gave him lofty place
Till Fame's fair garlands on his forehead fell,
And gladly great and strong did greet his face.

II.

True heart, that beat so brave, and true, and strong,
Then failed him first who never failed his friend;
True hands, that always could their succor lend
Where need was born of want or cruel wrong:
True lips, that gave the courage of a song
To fainting souls who would the Right defend,
Throughout the way until he found its end;
Farewell! And if the way, perchance, be long,
Unlighted by his loving, genial smile,
We still may walk it, weary mile on mile,
With surer faith, and always willing feet,
Because of heart, and hands, and lips, that went
So far with us, and such rare presence lent,
And wait, Somewhere, our coming soon to greet.

"I Have Crept in With Mother"

(Echoing Part of MISS FRANCIS E. WILLARD'S Last Words.)

"I have crept in with mother!" O bliss that was best!
To be pillowed in peace on the balm of her breast!
To delight in her love as if only a child,
By the blessing of sleep on her bosom beguiled;
To be cooled of life's fever, to infinite calm;
To be lulled by the song of an infinite psalm;
To be borne from the twilight of pain and of tears
Where the dawn of eternity circles the spheres.

"I Have Crept in With Mother"

"I have crept in with mother!" Soul-weary of sins,
In a world of dark shadows, where wickedness wins,
From its losses and crosses permitted to go,
To the comfort that motherhood only could know,—
From the hope unfulfilled, the desire unrevealed;
From the work unrewarded, the hurt never healed;
From the plan of the woman's wise purpose; the dream
And the wish of the years that brought crowning supreme.

"I have crept in with mother!" Farewell to the work
Of the world in its wretchedness, hunger and murk!
And farewell to the men and the women who wait
And who labor in love for humanity's fate!
They were noble and true, but their task is as long
As the measure of time till Millennial song;
And the feet may grow weary, the heart may grow faint,
Till the soul that grew strong is translated a saint!

"I have crept in with mother!" And mute are the lips
That could never put purity's thought in eclipse;
Ever silent the tongue that with pleading could reach
The deep springs of the heart that were hidden in each;
While forever close veiled are the eyes that looked out
With the gaze of the seer on the wrong and the doubt;
And the voice that was music wherever it fell
On the ears of the world has been hushed by a knell.

"I have crept in with mother!" O life that was lone
When the mother-heart folding it closely had flown,
Be thy dreams all unbroken within the dear arms
That forever enfold thee from hunger and harms!
As a babe on her bosom, in tender embrace,
Be the light of her love the glad smile on thy face,
Till the glow of God's Morning shall dawn on the rest
Of that mother whose child fell asleep on her breast!

John B. Finch*

Dead in his splendid prime,
The master of surging speech;
Silent the lips that were strong for truth,
Tender and touching for Home and Youth,
Pleading the Cause of each.

Dead in his manly grace
The leader we loved so well—
Silent his form at the battle's fore,
Still are the hands that our standard bore
Bravely till swift he fell.

Dead in his loyal faith,
The friend of our faithful trust,—
Hushed is the heart that was true and leal,
Tender the touches of love to feel,
Fading so soon to dust.

Dead at the conflict's front,
The knight who could know no fear;
Silent the forces he led, to-day,
Hushed be our hearts as we pause to lay
Garlands upon his bier.

Orator, friend, farewell!
Knight of the Right, good-bye!

*Peerless Prohibition Orator and Leader, died Oct. 4, 1887.

George W. Bain

Willing to fall in thy splendid prime,
Fighting for God and His Cause sublime,
Death, like a neighbor, nigh.

Tears for the Right bereft,
Tears for the Knight gone down!
Smitten and sore in the battle's brunt,
He has but won at the surging front
Victory's fadeless crown!

George W. Bain

A Sonnet Read on Introducing Him to an Audience.

Blest Old Kentucky Home which gave to earth
A voice as rare, and sweet, and fond, and true,
As any voice of song the singers knew
Who sang of Home and Love beside the hearth!
And blessed Mother—she who gave him birth
Amid the southern bloom and grasses blue—
From whose dear breast nobility he drew
Of royal Manhood and of manly worth!

Our thanks to both—the Home, and Mother there—
To whom we owe the voice we came to hear,
The loyal heart whose bounty we may share,
The noble soul which knows not shame or fear!
To them the homage he has widely won
Whose lips in reverent love proclaim him now their son!

James G. Clark *

Blow soft and sweet above his quiet breast,
O gentle winds which fan the Golden Shore!
And echo there the voice that nevermore
Shall sing on earth for those who loved it best
And miss it most! Fair sunset of the West
Glow glad and warm in golden radiance o'er
The new-made grave to which his form they bore,
Whose soul in sunrise found its final rest.

Sweet Singer, fare thee well! Upon the air
Fond echoes linger of thy dulcet song,
All sweet and liquid as the singing throng
Can match with music, where the robes they wear
Are white and shining as their faces fair;
And ringing louder, bold, and clear, and strong,
We hear thy bugle-notes against the wrong,
And all the uplift of thy spirit share.

Farewell, brave Minstrel, Laureate of Right!
The pulse of justice thrilled thine every tone;
Thine ear was quick to hear the smothered moan
From Want and Sorrow, in the bitter fight
Of right and wrong, of weakness and of might;
Thy breast beat rhythmic to the grief and groan
Of all the world, till as a trumpet blown
Thy song of morning sounded through the night.

*Poet, Singer, and Reformer, died in Pasadena, Cal., 1897.

James G. Clark

Dear Heart, that listened for and gladly heard
The voice of God in life's unending round;
That caught love's cadence in the common sound
Of wood and field, as if it were a word
Love-spoken to the ears which never erred
In eager heed for voices most profound—
As if His love did everywhere abound,
And sang itself in every breeze and bird!

Dear Soul, that felt itself of God a part—
A royal unit of a whole divine,
On which the King had set His seal and sign
And said "Of me henceforth for aye thou art
Immortal portion, throbbing with My heart
Of love for all that ever must be Mine!"
So crystal clear that through it soft could shine
The light of love in minster or in mart.

Farewell awhile, but not a long farewell!
Beyond the Sunset, in the Sunrise Land,
By balmy airs his brow forever fanned,
He waits to welcome, where the mystic spell
Of immortality swift on him fell,
And life immortal smiles on every hand,
With every grief and wrong forever banned,
And Love Eternal now his song may swell!

The Pilgrim and the Knight

Read at the Memorial Service in Honor of
WILLIAM T. WARDWELL, and ALFRED L. MANIERRE,
In Broadway Tabernacle,
New York City, November 26, 1911.

We honor men who royal honor gave
Our grateful Cause, they were so true and brave,—
So gentle, faithful, so divinely true.
To know them well was like as if you knew
Some knight courageous, in that early time
When service knightly came of Call sublime,—
Some Pilgrim Father, strong of heart and soul,
Who Freedom sought within its luring goal.

This knight was young when clear the Crusade Call
Of Truth came to him, sounding yet for all—
The call to service that has long enticed
Those brave and faithful seeking Cross of Christ;
The sturdy Pilgrim went with whitening hair
Where Age at last goes bent with burdening care,
But felt his heart beat ever blithe and young,
And heard the songs that childhood once had sung.

You shut your eyes and see before you stand
A stalwart figure from the mother-land;
You open them, and swift before you see
Our later Pilgrim, strong and brave as he.

The Pilgrim and the Knight

You talk and walk with him as one who saw
The form of Right within the frame of Law,—
As one who followed Wisdom where she led,
And echoed her in all he sagely said.

Serene of soul, he could serenely walk
Unmoved by men who dared to scorn and mock;
With humblest few he was content to go
If they to him the righteous way could show;
And when his feet grew weary still he went
With Truth's own pilgrims, glad and well content,
Until God called him, on the busy street,
And swift he hastened hence, the Call to meet.

And so the Pilgrim Father went, at last,
Beyond the common path his feet had passed,
And left his friends, the Cause, that knew his worth,
Still mourning him along the ways of earth.

But we were comforted who saw the knight,
Yet strong and fearless, leading in the fight,
His gallant heart aflame with love of Truth,
His vision clear as that of eager youth.

We knew the soul within him, where he stood,
In stature towered to serve the highest good;
We heard his answer, when Right's bugle called,
Ring out above his fellows, unappalled;
We felt his heart-beats where the need grew sore,
And gave him love, till none had larger store;
And while he led, we followed, unafraid,
As those who, trusting, could not be dismayed.

Charles Henry Mead, D.D.

Then came a voice none others heard but him.
Somewhere beyond the veil so misty, dim,
It spake: he answered. From the Holy Land
All brave Crusaders reach, came clear command—
“Come home, true knight! Here find the Holy Grail
For souls who serve and Manhood never fail.”
And who shall say that by the Shining Gate
The Pilgrim did not for him stand and wait?

Charles Henry Mead, D.D.

Some Birthday Rhymes or Memory Chimes,
On His Sixty-Sixth Birthday.

Some words of cheer that Brother Mead
Upon his next birthday may read?
Who better could deserve them?—None.
Who for the world more cheer has won
By tender words, by loving speech
That heart and soul could surely reach?
Who braver, truer, long has been
To smite the wrong, to shame the sin?
Who has more sunlight scattered thro'
Earth's darkened ways from out the blue
Of God's own sky, than this our friend,
So rich in heart to give or lend
The hope that succors men in need?
God's blessing, then, on Brother Mead!

Charles Henry Mead, D.D.

God bless his large and loving heart!
God bless him for his loving art
Of loving all who needed love!
God bless him that so long above
All greed of gain, all care for self,
All thought of things to profit self,—
 These years on years,
 Through toil and tears,
His heart has beat with love of Man,
His tongue has dared, as well it can,
To speak the word that Error fears—
The word of Right, that Justice cheers—
The word of God, that men must win
If Right shall reign instead of Sin.

Some hours my memory sings to me
Of sunny days long gone, when he
And I went up and down the land
The half of that once happy band
Of singers well remembered yet—
The far-famed Silver Lake Quartette.
Then how his ringing voice rang out
 Against the wrong,
 In speech and song!
How Faith and Hope took place of doubt,
And fears of men were put to rout,
And wavering hearts grew glad and strong!

God bless our brother that he sang
So true, so long, the songs that rang

Charles Henry Mead, D.D.

For Truth and Right,—
For Manhood's might
The foes of men to meet and smite!
As true he sang, so true he saw
That law of God within the law
Of man should be the law supreme;
That "Thou shalt not!" was ne'er the dream
Of idle dreamers, but a word
Of power divine, on Sinai heard,
Till echoes of the ages stirred!

And "Thou shalt not!" he sang and said,
To those who long their fellows led
From heights of Manhood to the slime
Of misery, and want, and crime.
And "Thou shalt not!" he said again
And yet again, to prouder men
Than such as these—
To Pharisees
Who smiled in pride
While Manhood died,
Smitten, and robbed, and crucified,—
The men who sold,
For price of gold—
As ever the Judas in some men will—
The right to ruin, and rob, and kill.

Yes, memory often sings to me,
The songs we sang, those happy three
And I, long days of speech and song,
Defending right, assailing wrong.
And since those days have distant grown

The Fountain of Youth

Our brother far has fared alone,
And up and down across the land,
Obeying still his clear command,
For God, and Right, and Brotherhood,
Has fearless, faithful, bravely stood.

God give him grace,
With smiling face
And heart that beats forever young,
To stand for Truth
Through ageless Youth,
And sing the songs he long has sung!

And some day, when the Lord's own cheer
Shall come to him—when he shall hear
The words "Well done!"
His race well run—
Our victory won—
When Heaven is near, and earth grows dim—
May God's glad angels sing for him!

Jan. 27, 1907.

The Fountain of Youth

• Read at the Brooklyn Banquet of Prohibitionists, Feb. 13, 1911.

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, put him out, without making a noise;"
For, my friends, it is true as perennial Truth,
That the spring of our cause is the fountain of youth.

The Fountain of Youth

That is Hopkins in part, though in part it is Holmes—
The wise Oliver Wendell, of medical tomes
And of wittiest verse, who was eighty years young
Ere he died all too soon for the world, as he sung
Or he said; and perhaps he would still have been hearty
And laughing to-day had he trained with our party.

Don't you see how the youth in our people abides;
How they laugh and live on, though the victory hides
In the future for which they have prayed and have fought?
Don't you feel the youth in them when once you have caught
Their contagion of faith and are willing to say
"Lo a thousand long years with the Lord are a day
 When with evil we fight
 On the side of the right,
And the Master's command is the word we obey?"

Look at Mead! See him smile when you hint he is old;
He is three-score-and-ten, if the truth must be told;
But as young he is yet, as when early he sang
"Hear dem bells! hear dem bells!" till the whole country rang
With the music he made with his winning quartet,
Shut your eyes, now, and listen—'tis echoing yet!
If you miss any hair from the top of his head,
Never wonder, for "Sure he was born so," is said
In an Irishman's brogue so familiar and glad
That you smile as if never a trouble you had.

And the brogue was McKee's! You remember him quick,
Though the thatch on his roof is no longer as thick
As in days that are gone, and perhaps on his face,
As on that of his chaplain, there may be a trace

The Fountain of Youth

Of a furrow or two which not always had place
 On the cheek or the brow;
 But please understand now
That what looks like a furrow new-turned by the plow
Of our Old Father Time is but proof, at the most,
They have learned some new wrinkles in life. So a Toast
 To our Chairman McKee:
 May you live till there be
For the Pharaohs of drink but a raging Red Sea
That shall swallow them up and shall billow them down
Till in water alone they shall smother and drown!

And I think he will live till he sees it; since John
Has a right that some lack to keep living right on.
He is doing as well as the best of us can
In the worship of God by the service of man—
Fellow man; though it may be in order to mention,
His good fellow woman lacks proper attention.

But the chairman is young—may he never grow old!
And who knows when Methuselah's wooing grew cold?
And who but St. Patrick could tell of the dreams
Of an Irishman's heart when the coldest it seems?
 And who shall dare say
 That St. Patrick's own day
May not bring John the joy of a happy tomorra
In Love's own jaunty car to be ridin', begorra?

And this is the tribute paid now by my muse,
To your call for a speech that I could not refuse.
I'm a veteran, too, let me slowly confess,
But as young as the youngest, I claim, none the less;

A Song of Hope and Faith

And my purpose it is to sing on through the years—
To sing on, and hope on, though too often the tears
May make misty my vision when backward I see
The green graves of the many who journeyed with me

Fill your glasses again with the drink that is best

For the heart and the soul,

For the life and the goal,

And for all that must hold in eternity's test—

Fill your glasses again, is my pleading command,

And then drink with me here, as in silence we stand,

To the men and the women who dared and who died

In their love for their God and humanity wide;

May we live as they lived—be as brave for the truth—

Till we find, as they found, the true Fountain of Youth!

A Song of Hope and Faith

(In Memory of the Dead, and for Cheer of the Living.)

I.

The workers go; the singers come

To silence, after song;

Still bides the Evil that we hate;

Still strides the hated Wrong

With giant strength across the land.

The Good obeys its bold command,

And serves it well with willing hand—

How long, O Lord, how long!

A Song of Hope and Faith

II.

Goliath his defiance hurls
Before the host of Right;
And some who might his challenge meet
Have gone beyond our sight.
But yonder still our Kedron flows,
And one sure pebble slowly grows
Till Right's own David finds and throws
It in divinest might.

III.

The morn was misty with its doubt;
We faint with noontide heat;
The way is long our feet must go,
But evening cometh sweet.
Across the land for help they cry;
Sad hunger's hands are lifted high;
Shall Manhood struggle, famish, die,
Without our love complete?

IV.

We mourn the dead, whose hearts were true
To all this human need;
We miss the songs that stirred the faint
To braver hope and deed;
But God the songs and singers gave,
And every heart that beat so brave;
And God lives on above each grave—
And always prayer can plead!

Living and Dead

V.

Thy grace of patience give us, then,
Who need it as we stand
And face the Wrong that scoffs the Right
Across a smitten land.
Grant faith which fails not with delay,
But waits the promised Better Day,
And firmly walks the darkened way
As by Divine command!

VI.

We hearken for the voices flown;
We hunger for their aid
Who cheered us bravely by their deeds,
And led us undismayed.
But Duty bids us lead and sing
Until the lands in gladness ring
With victor-songs that Christ is King,
His righteous rule obeyed!

Living and Dead

Prefacing an Address Before a Grand Army Post.

It is more than a dream, a vision,
That once, on a day gone by,
In the tumult of War's Decision,
Our brothers went forth to die.
From the homes that with love were lighted
They marched, for the Flag they bore,
And they gave us a Land United,
Majestic, forevermore!

Living and Dead

Let us garland their deeds with glory,
As fondly our blooms we bring;
Let us weave them in splendid story,
Recite them in songs we sing;
And as long as the heroes linger,
Who out of that conflict came,
Let us point to their forms the finger
Of pride, and our debt proclaim!

But the feet with the years must falter
That marched, in the strength of youth,
From the fire upon Freedom's altar
To fight for the Cause of Truth;
And the hearts that held high their guerdon
Of duty and love must go,
Borne down by their weary burden,
Under the green tents low.

We salute them, to-night, the living
Who fought as the brave who fell,
In that time of the Great Upgiving
Which History's tale shall tell;
And we think of the dead, wherever
In Honor and Fame they sleep,
With cheers for their proud endeavor,
With tears that we proudly weep!

To the living, our thanks we render,
For Union, preserved and strong;
To the dead, be our tribute tender,
Of blossom, and speech, and song;

In Benediction

For they saved us a Land Unbroken,
They gave us a Land Made Free;
And forever the royal token
Of loyalty both shall be!

In Benediction

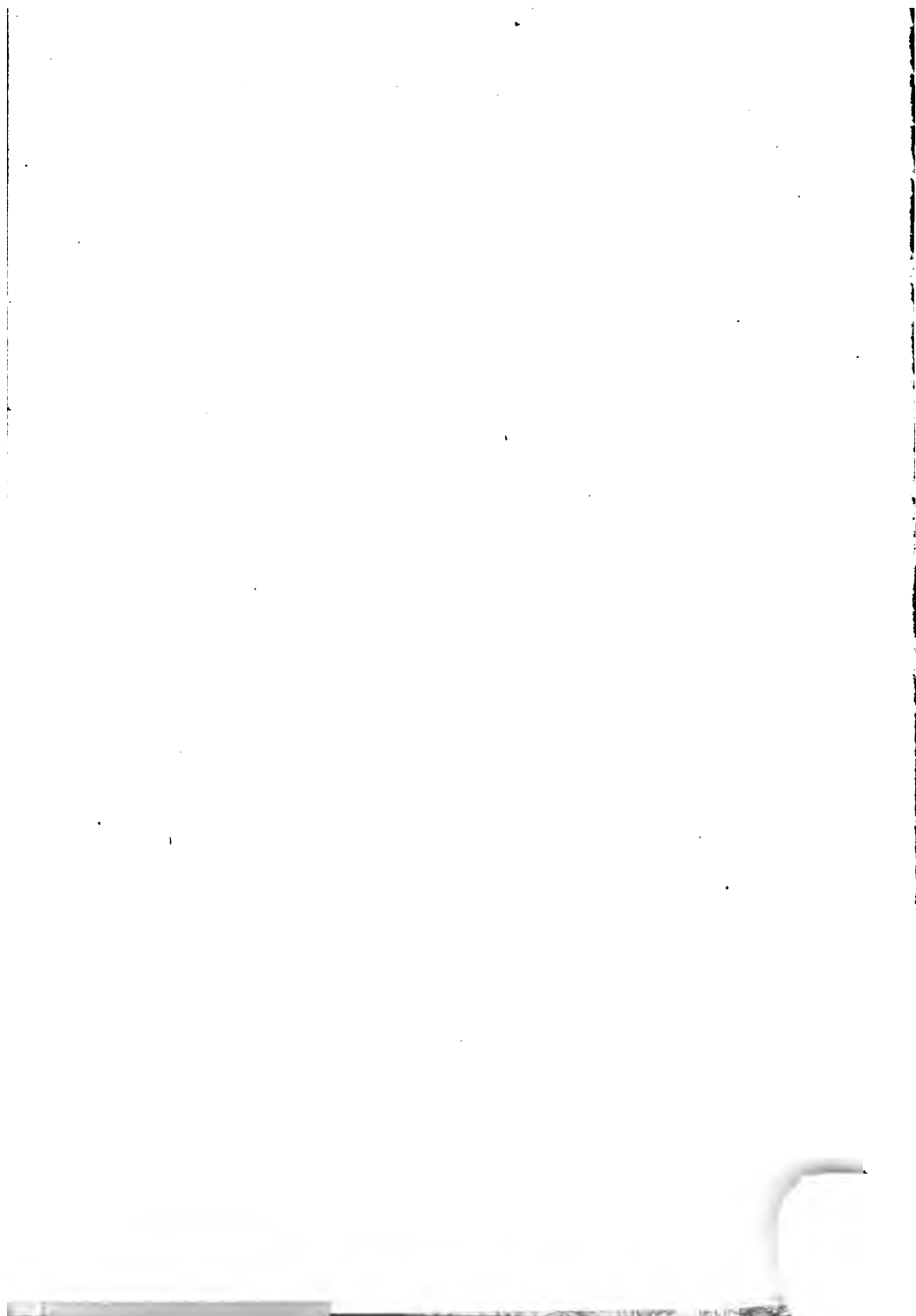
O Thou God of the Flag of our Fathers who died!
O Thou Father of Christ, for the world crucified!
Help Thy people to-day to be faithful and bold
In defense of The Law which Thou gavest of old!
May the lips of that Law shape the uttermost speech
In the ears of their love, as they listen, for each!
At the foot of the Mountain of God once again
Bid them gather and learn Thy Commandments!
Amen.

"Now I Lay Me"

A MAN'S PRAYER AT THREE SCORE AND TEN

*"Now I lay me!"—Listening Lord,
Grant me, now, Thy sweet reward
For my service of to-day—
Sleep, to soothe me on the way!
Close my eyes with tender touch
As of mother loving much;
Let me feel Thy Father hand
On my heart, with Love's command
Bidding every pain to cease,
Bringing calm for care—and peace.*

*When the morning comes to men
Open Thou mine eyes again,
Till Thy face of love I see
Smiling sweetly down on me!
Take my trusting hand in Thine;
Hold it there, like mother mine;
Make me smile, as if I were
Babe of Thine on breast of Her!
Through another day enticed
Let me go as led of Christ,
Suffered as a child to roam
With Him only, toward His Home!*



1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

127

**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

form 410

